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Things in General

THE "Christian Guardian," an exceedingly readable paper for those interested in the progress of the Methodist Church, of which it is the organ, is out strongly advocating an effort to carry Local Option in every little center where there is even a nucleus of French places which could be made "dry" as the result of such an agitation as closed the bars at Toronto Junction. It is also convinced that the vast majority of these places can be kept "dry" and get "drier" and "drier" year by year until the whole province is practically under a prohibitive law. It also advocates an early and fierce attempt to carry Local Option in Toronto, and is cheerful in its prophecies of success. Delightful, isn't it, to see the "Guardian" expressing strong views on this particular evil? for as a rule it is carefully edited so as to offend neither the world nor the flesh, though it has no scruples about abusing the devil, who is supposed to be far away and useless as a subscriber, an advertiser, or a voter in the Conference. Its readers must think that Rum is the only thing which requires fierce opposition, for to keep the paper lively and make it appear a fearless exponent of Truth, with a big "t," it denounces alcohol and those who deal in it with all its might. In this it probably never oversteps the boundary of what is deserved by the subject in hand, but there are plenty of other things with regard to which its silence brings the rather saddening thought that it is afraid. It is particularly opposed to the use of stimulants, why does it not denounce the indiscriminate sale and use of patent medicines—the sort of thing it apparently refuses to advertise, its columns being conspicuously free from all such—which are composed of a large proportion of alcohol and a few herbs or drugs which are said to make them taste much like "whisky and bitters"? Crusades are being made by newspapers which make no profession of religion or a craving for prohibition laws, and the "Ladies' Home Journal" of Philadelphia, probably the most widely circulated monthly in the United States, has recently got itself into trouble with a number of the proprietors of medicine men by publishing, under the heading "The Patent Medicine Curse," a table which is quoted below, and commenting with great severity upon what it shows:

The Alcohol in "Patent Medicines."—The following percentages of alcohol in the "patent medicines" named are given by the Massachusetts State Board Analyst, in the published document No. 34:

	Per cent. of alcohol (by volume)
Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound	20.6
Paine's Celery Compound	21
Dr. Williams' Vegetable Jaundice Bitters	18.5
Whiskol, "a non-intoxicating stimulant"	28.2
Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic, "recommended for treatment of alcohol habit"	26.5
Ayer's Sarsaparilla	26.2
Thayer's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla	21.5
Hood's Sarsaparilla	18.8
Allen's Sarsaparilla	13.5
Dana's Sarsaparilla	13.5
Brown's Sarsaparilla	13.5
Peruna	28.5
Wine of Cod-Liver Oil	18.8
Dr. Peters' Kuriko	14
Dr. Carter's Physical Extract	22
Hooker's Wigwag Tonic	20.7
Hoodland's German Tonic	29.3
Howe's Arabian Tonic, "not a rum drink"	13.2
Jackson's Golden Seal Tonic	19.6
Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic	16.5
Parker's Tonic, "purely vegetable"	41.6
Schenck's Seaweed Tonic, "entirely harmless"	19.5
Baxter's Mandrake Bitters	16.5
Poker's Stomach Bitters	42.6
Burdock Blood Bitters	25.2
Greene's Nervura	17.2
Hartshorn's Bitters	22.2
Hoodland's German Bitters, "entirely vegetable"	25.6
Hop Bitters	12
Hosettter's Stomach Bitters	44.3
Kaufman's Sulphur Bitters, "contains no alcohol" (as a matter of fact it contains 20.5 per cent. of alcohol and no sulphur)	20.5
Puritana	22
Richardson's Concentrated Sherry Wine Bitters	47.5
Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters	35.7
Warren's Bilious Bitters	21.5
Faith Whitcomb's Nerve Bitters	20.3

"In connection with this list, think of beer, which contains only from 2 to 5 per cent. of alcohol, while some of these 'bitters' contain ten times as much, making them stronger than whisky, far stronger than sherry or port, with claret and champagne value behind."

In Southern California, where I recently spent several weeks of what was such a terrible winter in Canada, temperance sentiment is away in advance of what it is here, and many places running into a population of from four to ten thousand have no ginshops, though they are not prevented by any summary law. Sunday observance in many of these localities—not speaking of large cities, of course—is as strict as it is here, though California has no Sunday laws. The immense sale of a number of patent medicines attracted the editor of the Los Angeles "Times," one of the largest, strongest, and best managed papers in the United States, which strongly favors total abstinence and the strictest enforcement of law and order. It also has religious editorials, more marked with piety than those of the "Globe" itself. Yet this paper, which publishes an excellent Sunday edition, told the W.C.T.U., overwhelmingly strong in Los Angeles, that its numbers and a large number of so-called total abstainers were taking in patent medicines more alcohol than the moderate drinkers and the unaffiliated citizens who took no part in agitations. The analysis of patent medicines was quoted, the immense amounts sold divided up per capita, and a very bad show-down was made. The article was resented, but the "Times" refused to retract.

Now these "patent" alcoholic stimulants—advertised by all the daily and nearly all of the religious papers—are taken by well-intentioned people who could not be induced to imbibe a spoonful of whisky on any account. The stuff is fed to children born and unborn, directly or indirectly, from a "medicine" bottle from which the perhaps enfeebled mother obtains her "tonic" or the complaining husband gets something to "strengthen his stomach." A taste for this sort of thing is acquired by people who are being misled, but because the proprietors of these medicines are large advertisers and so many of the druggists are reputable church-goers, the traffic in stuff, at best a thousand times over-puffed, is considered legitimate and the otherwise godly editors blind themselves to the results arising from that which they assist to sell. I do not believe that the campaign mapped out by the "Guardian" for the enforcing of Local Option, in any except rural districts, would do any good, but I am sure that a little conscientious attention paid to the surreptitious dispensing and consumption of alcohol and other vicious ingredients in the shape of patent medicines would be a pious act and prevent a great many of its readers from acquiring habits which in the end may take them to the keg for their make-you-feel-better dose.

THE Toronto Railway Company have been detected in the act of shipping to Winnipeg some cars manufactured in its shops here, in the face of its oft-repeated assertion that it cannot possibly make enough new cars to give the service which the City Engineer demands. According to the Company's contention, taken together with the City Engineer's estimate, it will take a couple of years to supply the rolling stock necessary to complete our service, yet, as if to show the utter contempt which the company feels for this

city, new cars are sent West to help out the Winnipeg railway, also controlled by President Mackenzie. Either Toronto's agreement with the company is defective, the laws of the land are specially made to suit corporations, or both, or else Toronto can make these overbearing capitalists sing a very different song. It is bad enough to be forced occasionally to walk, or compelled almost always to hang on to a strap if one obtains the privilege of a ride, but to be spat upon is unendurable. The City Council has instructed City Lawyer Fullerton to bring a suit against the Toronto Railway Company every day that Engineer Rust's timetable is not lived up to. This will mean a suit every day for a year or two, and a special staff will probably have to be appointed to time and count the cars and to observe overcrowding. It does not matter how much it costs if the delinquent company can only be made to sit up. Mr. Fullerton, the city lawyer, is an amiable and able gentleman for whom I entertain the highest regard, but he seems to lack that sudden and fierce fighting blood which his Irish ancestors are said to have been endowed. Probably if he were left entirely to himself and not hampered by aldermanic jellyfish he would be able to make a better showing. He already has enough to do, and it would be wise for the city to hire a first-class fighting attorney whose entire time, energy and attention would be given to the bringing up of the Toronto Railway Company with a jerk.

THE editors of several daily newspapers, in an effort to avoid offending Separate school supporters, and not liking to be caught ignoring so important a question as the one raised by Separate school supporters at Sturgeon Falls and again at St. Catharines, have been writing some very thin and sickly stuff. In the "Star," for instance, we are told "several newspapers that have taken the question up with considerable passion have from first to last ignored the under-

against the stretching of a law objectionable to over eighty per cent. of the population. Evidently the relations between the Church and the State should be on the plan of the notice posted in the hotel, "built on the bluff and run in the holler." In order to prevent the guests from removing fruit from the table, in future there will be no fruit."

Two ways have been suggested for removing the "fruit" from the table so that a sectarian row will not be raised every time a bonus is being voted upon. The one favored, it is said, by the Ross Government, is to abolish the school taxes now insisted upon even from bonused concerns enjoying exemption from all other taxes, though such taxes, while burdensome to the public, are still insufficient. The other one is to suppress the bonusing business altogether, on the ground that if there is no bonus being offered there can be no row over apportioning its school taxes. Both of these suggestions are cowardly and indicate that the hierarchy has simply to crack its whip to make all politicians and most of the newspapers dodge. Why should the conduct of any religious denomination result in a diminution of Public school taxes? What business have sectarian preachers or priests to practically say that a factory shall either pay of taxes or a part of them must go specially to the support of a certain sect? Bonuses may be a bad thing, but why should they be abolished by law so as to keep Roman Catholics from clamoring for the share of the school taxes now borne by bonused concerns? Why do not the political leaders get together and simply tell the Church to mind its own business and keep its spoon out of the legislative dish? Absolute refusal to permit sectarian interference with the law-making of the country is the "underlying premise" of justice and peace. This conspiring between denominations and governments is equally detestable, whether the ecclesiastical beneficiaries are Anglicans, Roman Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians or any others, and only half-beaten governments and citizens with-



JIGGERS.
Running up against it.

lying premises." The "Star" evidently considers that a newspaper vigorously contending for principle must necessarily be in a "passion." The "Star" will never be accused of a passion for anything but circulation and advertising if it is to be judged by its own standard. It is useless to talk about "ignoring underlying premises." What, indeed, are the "underlying premises"? (1) Separate schools have no right to exist on taxes collected from the public, thus weakening the Public school system, perpetuating sectarianism and dividing the youth of the community. The public taxpayer should know nothing about a man's creed when collecting money to support the schools necessary to the education of the youthful citizen. (2) As the result of a dishonest compromise Separate schools exist in this province as defined by the British North America Act. The legal limitations are there set forth, and when these limitations are overstepped at the instance of the hierarchy an unconstitutional, illegal and corrupting thing is done. (3) Such a transaction was legitimized by the Legislature, and the advantage obtained has encouraged others to attempt an experiment in the same line and has set the citizens of the good town of St. Catharines at loggerheads. These are the "underlying premises," and it is nauseating to see weak-spirited people who find the ecclesiastical elbow hanging against their ribs, not only apologizing for not resenting it, but sneering at those who make stern and dignified complaint. The "Star" says, "It is very easy to say that there should be no Separate schools. But they are here." Yes, they are here, because the newspapers and people at the time they were sanctioned by the Legislature had not spirit or foresight enough to prevent their legal establishment.

Separate schools are unconstitutional in the United States and there is less complaint from Roman Catholics there on account of their absence than there is here when there is any public effort made to prevent their extension or to provide for their improvement. The Roman Catholic newspapers of the United States are, indeed, more anti-British than any other papers published in the Union, which goes to show that no matter how much the hierarchy obtains from the governments the more it demands. It also suggests that neither gratitude nor political support is obtained by the governments which treat the Church liberally. The "Michigan Catholic," a paper of the class to which I refer, is shamed by the protests made in Ontario against the incursion of the Sturgeon Falls Separate schools upon the municipal cash-box, and says: "The Catholics have simply been recognized as human beings by the Government." If this is the case the Catholics have never obtained recognition in the United States as human beings. Yet the "Michigan Catholic" loves the United States and its institutions and has little use for that which is British and Canadian, excepting, of course, that which gives the Church an undue advantage. The cry of bigotry is not being continually hurled at the Washington Government, though no Roman Catholic President ever sat in the chair, and I do not remember that one ever was permitted by either of the contending political parties to be a candidate. Apparently the more we yield to the rapacious hierarchy the greater uproar it raises when protests are made

out the spunk of a sheep are proud of being so "broad-spirited" as to endure the evil.

JUDGE ANGLIN made a good start the other day in passing his first sentence since his appointment to the High Court bench. Ten years for criminal assault on a woman may look like a pretty long term, but it is not out of proportion to the enormity of the crime. In this case the outrage was of so deliberate, brutal and disgusting a nature that even a heavier sentence would not have been considered by the public too harsh a punishment. In the United States offences of this nature have for so long escaped adequate punishment by regular process of law that the "extra legal," or lynching, system has taken over the work neglected by cowardly and inefficient judges, till now almost the entire southern part of the Republic falls periodically into a state of anarchy. Dastardly crimes of this sort can never be done away with by sprinkling the offenders with rose water. A knowledge that unrelenting and swift justice will inevitably overtake the criminal is the only effective warning to those who might be tempted to imitate the Duffy and Whitesides gang. If this outrage had occurred in the Southern States a second and more revolting crime would have been committed by an innumerable mob desirous of administering "justice." It is gratifying to observe that in Canada neither the crime nor the trial produced any considerable public excitement. The people were content to wait the regular course of justice, assured that it would not fail. So long as the spirit and letter of the law are enforced as they were in this case, Canadians need have little fear of our Code falling into contempt.

THE new Board of Education is a little nervous lest the people of the city forget that it is new, enterprising and businesslike. Its members are making a strong bid for popularity, and this has a tendency to produce a few busy self-advertisers which the citizens had not bargained for. The Board's Repair Committee started out one day last week to inspect the conditions of sixty-three school-houses. It is presumed that they did this in a satisfactory manner, though a number of unnecessary kicks were made over some trifling items of expenditure for improvements really needed. When the Harbor Collegiate was reached, however, the members gave in to the desire to display a little more fussy authority than good taste called for. A fire-drill exhibition was demanded—quite right in itself, but asked for in a petty spirit. The Principal was instructed to clear the building, and when the pupils took two minutes and five seconds to pack up and "git" the gentlemen who held the watches expressed their surprise and disappointment at the unnecessary delay, and had the newspapers write up their showing of zeal. The Jarvis Street Institute made a slightly better showing, the building being emptied in one minute and twenty seconds, while Jameson Avenue approached the standard of the Public schools by vacating in fifty seconds. This being the first attempt at such stunts in Collegiate, the members of the committee thought it unfair to judge of the results in comparison with the Public schools, where a certain time is set apart for the regular practice of the fire-drill. The assumption by the committee of this

high and mighty attitude strikes an unprejudiced observer as decidedly silly. If in an emergency a school can be cleared in two minutes, the chances are that no lives will be lost through fire. If the pupils are able to get out in thirty or fifty seconds, the knowledge of the fact may be gratifying to their trainers, but the general public will regard such feats as show performances only. The fire-drill is doubtless a good thing in Public schools, where there are a great many children too small to know how to look out for themselves in case of serious accident; but in collegiate institutes, if anything in this line is to be taught at all, it should be something more manly and useful than running away in a scientific manner. The average boy attending a collegiate is big enough to take pretty good care of himself under almost any circumstances. His self-respect and courage will certainly not be stimulated by forcing him to show a clean pair of heels at the first sign of danger. Let him be taught what he can do to prevent the flames spreading till the regular firemen arrive, and both the boy and chances of saving the building will be improved. No healthy youngster of fourteen or fifteen desires anything more than an opportunity to show what kind of stuff he is made of, and no boy of such ages who is worth his salt can help feeling humiliated when called on to take part in a pompous farce such as the Repair Committee of the Board of Education directed Monday, to the great detriment of the real discipline of the school.

If cities would get together and display a little uniformity at times, perhaps things could be accomplished in substituting modern methods for those of "away back." Toronto has been kicking and hammering at the railroads for years in an effort to do away with the country style of level crossings in the city, and now Montreal starts to buck the other way. The Montrealers applied to the Railway Commission the other day for permission to extend one of their streets across the Grand Trunk tracks, and to make use of a level crossing. The funny part of the thing is that the railway people opposed the application. Things must have got a bad twist down east to produce such a state of affairs. The city's application is bad enough, but the railway's objection makes one stare. The Grand Trunk offered to spend two or three million dollars in getting rid of the level crossings altogether—and to this proposition Montreal replies by asking permission to increase the number of man-killers. There must be something crooked somewhere. A city that will not let a company spend a few millions on it, either has its head on crooked or it knows a whole lot about railways—and railways that try to force their money into the civic treasury are either very far-sighted or insane. The situation is so unusual and so hard to reconcile with conditions in Toronto that it requires some guessing to find out what stage of development Montreal is at. One thing is certain, however—the dispute down there will be used by the companies here for as long as the campaign for the Yonge street bridge has its annual summer opening. It will take many serious accidents to people going to and from the boats to overcome the moral effect of Montreal's defence of ancient methods. Whenever anything drops it always hits Toronto—and this countrified kick from the East is not likely to be an exception.

DOCTORS who have a fancy for stringing meaningless letters after their names are to be given a chance to put on some large frills "made in Canada." The Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, given a charter in 1866, but dormant since Queen's Medical College resumed its connection with Queen's, is about to be revived, with Senator Sullivan, M.D., at its head. It is proposed to utilize its examining powers in granting fellowships and the degree of F.R.C.P.S. This degree, we are told, can only be had by candidates who are picked over by hand, writing a thesis about five years' practice. Of course the examination is to be of a high standard, and those obtaining the degree will be set apart from the ordinary sawbones and have the privilege of using about a fifth of the alphabet in capital letters after their names. Only one or two degrees have been granted since 1892, and it is presumed that Canadian doctors are simply waiting for the opening of this reorganized corporation's office to make a rush for fellowships. It is to be feared that the Royal Cadaver is over-estimating its attractiveness. The medical men of this country are about as free from freaks and silly vanities as any class of the community, and a degree which does not represent earnest postgraduate studies or original research will not be valued either as an aid to obtaining practice or of value in writing prescriptions.

THOSE who make bitterest complaint when they suffer what they esteem persecution, unless history has made a mess of the facts, have always been most intolerant when they have become powerful, in their dealings with an unpopular minority. A magistrate of Limerick is quoted in a cablegram as saying, "Unless the Jews leave Limerick a serious riot is inevitable." For the past three months a rigorous boycott of the Jews has furnished the Irishmen of that locality with the excitement their systems crave. All excitement must have a climax, and the magistrate quoted expects the riot "will come most probably the next time Father Creagh or some kindred religious enthusiast preaches on the Jewish question." It seems there are only about 160 of the Jews, men, women and children, in the city, many of whom have been starved by the boycott into selling their household goods, but many of them, the despatch says, have been in the city for twenty years and are more liable to run the risk of the riot than leave their belongings and take flight. The chief charges against them are usury and high prices for goods sold on the hire system; inducing women to incur debt without their husbands' knowledge, and being relentless creditors. But the despatch says, "The fact that they are Jews seems to be the real sin in the eyes of the Jew-hunting crowd." An incident is quoted of the races which took place recently where a young Jew was permitted to play roulette as long as he lost, but when he made a little money the crowd cried, "Sure he is a Jew! Kick the thing over." And behold the crowd fell upon the Israelite and put him and his table on the hunch. The more moderate people are asking for the removal of Father Creagh to another city, as he seems to be the head of the Jew-baiters, but even the removal of this popular priest would probably be considered an offence for which the Hebrews should be beaten. The Irish are certainly a strenuous race, but they sometimes seem to have doubts as to whether anybody but themselves has a clear title to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

A DESPATCH from Victoria, B.C., announces that J. J. Hill and Hearst, the would-be candidate for the Presidency of the United States, are getting ready to launch a yellow journal of the well-known Hearst style in that city. So far Canada has escaped anything quite so bad—though we have a few that can give the "American" a pretty good run for its money, when time allowance is made for their size. The object of the Hill-Hearst combination is said to be the promoting of the railway and steamship interests of Hill, who is anxious to butt in after the business of the North-West before a few more Canadian trans-continental cover the whole territory. This seems to be an age of millionaire and corporation-owned newspapers. They are created for advertising purposes solely—but for advertising of the most subtle kind. They preach the "rights of the people," "the development of home industries" and all that sort of thing, while boosting the politician or the party most ready to lend himself or itself to their purposes. This kind of graft will be successful only for a time, but during that time it will do great harm. At present Hearst has seven big papers booming him for the Democratic nomination. Their influence is tremendous on a class which has a more honest publication can hardly reach—a class which has a great number of votes to give to anyone for whom a sloppy sort of enthusiasm can be aroused. If Hearst manages to make a break into Canada it will not be for his health nor for his friendship for Hill—he will bring a bundle of Yankee Presidential-political-ambition schemes along with him big enough to fill an ordinary box-car. Annexation will be his long-suit, and he will start in to play it for all it is worth. Like all men of his class or

the other side of the line, he can't get the idea out of his head that the people of this country are sitting up nights waiting for a liberator to appear and strike off the fetters forged by a tyrannical monarchical power. What a boost it would be for Hearst in another Presidential campaign if he could start an annexation cry on this side of the boundary. There isn't a Jingo in the whole Republic who wouldn't root for him as the Yankee Bismarck. As a Presidential possibility his stock, no good now, would jump two or three hundred per cent. While one is ready to admit he is a shrewd newspaper man, it seems evident that his unsatisfiable ambition is likely to run him into considerable trouble if he imagines that he can size Canadian sentiment from one of Hill's highly-colored dreams. A paper advocating annexation in Canada would last just about as long as its proprietor's money held out. One may print pretty nearly anything in this country without causing much excitement, but it must be mighty palatable stuff before subscribers display any wild desire to part with their surplus wealth. If Mr. Hearst carries out his reported intention he may do both Hill and himself a lot of good—every little puff will help Hill some, and the over-ambitious politician will be able to annex quite a load of valuable experience.

IN a shipload of one thousand emigrants who set out for Canada from England the other day, are one hundred hand-picked "carefully selected domestic servants" from Scotland and the North of Ireland. This is the kind of immigrant that Canada chiefly needs at present. We are not very short of women who work, but women who haven't yet got above the rank of "general" are rather rare articles. There is something about our Canadian climate that puts a woman away up in the air as soon as she can pound a typewriter or measure a yard of baby ribbon. The old-time occupations of her sex give her a sort of chill whenever she happens by accident to think of them. A place of business looks important, a position in such a place makes her regard herself as one of the firm, a person of some consequence, a woman of affairs. Domestic employment, on the other hand, is painfully feminine, old-fashioned and servile. One in such a position is a mere woman, without contact with the world. Her duties are only those for which nature has equipped her, for which she has a natural aptitude. The difficulties to be overcome in acquiring proficiency have been mastered before—for generations. She has seen potatoes peeled ever since she can remember, she "made" beds long before she left school—and sweeping is no greater novelty. She wants to do things that she regards as unusual—things for which she has not developed a contempt by association in childhood. She wants to see people—and to be seen. Every woman likes to be observed—and the Canadian young woman has a little more than her share of this desire to attract attention. In a house one sees no one but the members of the family; in an office or behind a counter scores of new faces every day. The majority of Canadian working girls jump at the chance of working long hours, waiting on all kinds of people in a restaurant, in preference to accepting a far more comfortable position at a better rate in a refined—or at least semi-refined—private family. The imported Irish and Scotch domestics will be all right for a time, but after a few years the fascination of direct contact with the hustling public will prove too much for them. About the only way the "servant girl problem" can be solved is by bringing in a steady supply from the old countries to fill new wants and to replace those who succumb to the business fever which is characteristic of this continent.

IF a policeman enters a private house where a sociable game of chance is being played and nabs the whole party, no one need be surprised—the officer will merely be carrying out the letter of the law as contained in an amendment to the Municipal Act passed this year. The other day in the Police Court a man was let off with the nominal fine of a dollar, without costs, for an offence against this amendment, the counsel for the defence undertaking to make a test case of it, that people may know where they are at before getting out their bridge whist invitations. Such a regulation is so obviously absurd that the magistrate asked for the decision of a higher court before he would start in seriously to hand out convictions. If a man can't have some say as to what he shall do in his own house, there is likely to be heaps of trouble. Gambling of the worst type is going on every day, under the noses of the authorities, yet it is only once or twice a year that anyone is molested. It is the fellow who makes a living by running a bucket shop or other gambling joint that the law should get after. He is the man who causes the trouble—the parasite who exists only by the gullibility of others. If laws can't be framed to cut out this class without making private residences subject to police raids, there is something wrong with the fellow who draws up bills of this kind. Statutes which provide for too much are worse than useless. Their silliness is so evident that they are at once brought into contempt. We have altogether too many measures of this kind in the R.S.O. as it is—laws which start out to obliterate all imperfections and end by being laughed at for their "ridiculous excess."

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As was foretold a fortnight ago in these columns, the evening of music and recitation given by Mr. R. S. Pigott and Mr. Edwin Lemare on Tuesday was a unique and charming event. Conservatory Hall was at its prettiest. The huge electric lights on either side of the stage, shrouded with rose color, shed a soft, warm and most becoming glow upon the fine palms, marguerites, and immense hydrangeas which decorated the front and cosy nooks arranged with screens and stands. There was a pedestal with a full flowering Japan lily, and quaint vases of white tulips and roses in profusion. In fact the first glance gave assurance that a master hand and artistic eye had arranged minutest detail. In a bower of tall palms the grand piano (upon which Mr. Lemare was to play, for the only time in Canada appearing as a pianist) stood. The audience found the usual entrance to the hall closed, and were shown to cloak room in the Conservatory, thence entering the Hall, and soon filling every available seat, until more and more chairs had to be fetched from other rooms. It was a distinctly intellectual and cultured assembly, and the intense stillness which obtained during the recitation of "Enoch Arden" was a proof of the quality not only of the recital but of the audience. Mr. Pigott sang two groups of songs, one at all events being his own setting to those searching lines of Kipling's, "Mother of Mine," and all most delightful. Mr. Lemare substituted a Chopin waltz of great sweetness and popularity with Chopin lovers for a Mendelssohn piece, and being insistently ignored gave a dainty little beauty bit in response. The "Enoch Arden" music was absolutely new to most of the audience, as was the manner of the recital of the sad poem, and at the close of the evening many expressions of pleasure and satisfaction were heard, as the audience melted into groups and coteries. So many persons were intimately acquainted that it was almost like a private soiree both before and after the programme. A very few of the party were Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem and their fair young niece, Miss Hodgins of Clonewood, who has just returned from two years at school abroad; Mrs. Ramsay Wright and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Anger, Mrs. H. C. McLeod and Miss Stairs of Halifax, who is visiting Mrs. Brown at the St. George; Mrs. and Miss O'Hara, Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. Clarence Graff (Mile, Toronto), Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts, Miss Denzil, Miss Sara Dallas, Mrs. and Miss Strathay, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. Austin of Spadina, Mrs. and Miss Blight, Dr. and Mrs. Alton Garratt, Mr. Goulding, Mrs. Cattermole and Miss Wornum, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Miss Maisie Tyrrell, Mrs. Sweetnam, Miss Norton, Mr. E. Monck, Mrs. Drummond, Miss Davies.

Mrs. Clarence Graff has spent a week in Toronto and has been greatly welcomed by old friends. She was suddenly called here with her mother on account of the illness of her father, which, though serious, was not as much so as was feared. Mrs. Graff was to have returned to New York yesterday. She is looking very well, and delighted several friends on Wednesday at the Strolling Players' Club with some sweet songs, and also sang on Thursday at a little informal reunion at the King Edward to a few friends of Mrs. James Grace. Mrs. Graff was much pleased with the Pigott-Lemare entertainment, and heartily praised the affair. She is just the same generously appreciative soul as ever, and never omits the kind word for the artist who is devoted to his or her work.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed arrived on the "Patricia" this week and everyone is at the quiver to hear her sing. She has always been greatly admired in Toronto, and has, since her last visit two summers ago, had great advantages in musical training abroad.

I hear Miss Margaret Huston is also in town this week. Three such admirable and well-liked singers as Mrs. Graff, Mrs. Le Grand Reed and Miss Huston do not often visit us at the same time.

Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. Norton (nee Bickford) and Captain Harold Bickford arrived in New York on Wednesday and came on to Toronto, where they will remain in apartments at the St. George until the wedding of June 1.

Invitations were out on Monday to the marriage of Miss Mary Dunlop Davidson, elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. J. L. Davidson, and Captain Harold Child Bickford, second son of the late E. O. Bickford of Gore Vale. The ceremony will take place in St. Andrew's Church, King street, on June 1st at half-past two o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at Lieutenant-Colonel Davidson's residence, 53 St. George street.

On the same date will occur the marriage of Miss Freda Montzambert and Mr. Reginald Beckett in Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa. Several Toronto friends are between Seylla and Charbydis with the wish to attend both these interesting events.

Hon. G. W. Ross is enjoying a brief visit from his son, Dr. G. William Ross, who is walking English hospitals. Dr. Ross came over on business and returns immediately.

The marriage of Miss Justina Alexandra Harrison, daughter of the late Chief Justice Harrison, and Mr. Hugh Calderwood of Collingwood, only son of Mr. Calderwood of Troon, Ayrshire, Scotland, took place at Boston last Saturday on the arrival of the bride-elect from abroad, where she has spent most of her time since her mother's sudden decease two years ago. The ceremony took place in Trinity Church, Rev. Dr. Blanchard officiating. The bride has spent much of her life in Toronto, but was educated abroad, where, after the death of the Chief Justice of Ontario, Mrs. Harrison passed many years. Miss Harrison adds to gifts of heart and features a well stored and thoroughly cultured mind and artistic talents of a high order, her china painting having been without a peer in Canada. The best wishes of a large circle of friends and admirers are hers and sincere congratulations to the fortunate winner of her hand. Mr. and Mrs. Calderwood were to spend a little while here, on their way to their home in Collingwood.

The death of Mr. John Crerar in Hamilton is regretted by many Toronto friends, and though not quite unexpected, is none the less deplorable. Mr. Crerar was a charming gentleman, companionable, fond of sport, and most esteemed by all who knew him. At the Caledon Troutling Club he spent many happy leisure hours with his clever little daughter, Miss Carrie, who only last week gave of her talents for the enrichment of Mrs. Macell's May fete, and to whom her Toronto friends send kindest and affectionate sympathy.

Mrs. Arthur Ritchie (nee Stewart) received at Mrs. Stewart's residence, 54 Collier street, on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, and was called upon by scores of friends. The bride of April received in her wedding robe of cream white Liberty satin, was greeted with much admiration. Mrs. Stewart was in the drawing-room with her daughter, and Mrs. Lane of Belthorpe Grange, assisted by Miss Warwick of Sunnibholm, Miss Miller and others, looked after the tea-room. The reception was, like anything presided over by these charming women, devoid of all formality, and full of bright, unaffected cordial friendliness. Mrs. Lane seems to grow handsomer with her residence in the good air of Weston, and is the picture of a radiantly contented young matron. Mrs. Stewart and her mother, Mrs. Otter, must miss the merry quartette of young folks who recently scattered from the maternal nest—one to the sea, one to the far North-West, and the two stunning daughters to navigate the depths and shoals of matrimony.

Last Friday, May 6th, occurred the death of a patriarch, old Mr. Torrington, in his 94th year. His decease took place at the home of his son, Dr. Torrington, in Pembroke street.

A very interesting and sometimes exciting run of the Automobile Club took place on Saturday to Oshawa, where at the Queen's Hotel the travelers took tea about six o'clock. At

the rendezvous at the Queen's Park some ten cars turned up, and the route, led by the president of the club, Dr. Doolittle, down Simcoe and King to the Don, was fairly maintained, after which the string broke up and went at what speed suited them, foregathering at Oshawa for the evening meal. Mr. H. C. McLeod took Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Frank Cowan and Miss Annie Michie in his fine new car. He is a canny chauffeur, and brought his fair trio home in good shape.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Walker may be interested in hearing that they are to spend some time in Chicago, where the former has opportunities in his profession which promise well.

The closing programme of the Strolling Players' semi-weekly matinees was given on Saturday, and Mr. Morgan Jellett, who arranged it, was very happy in his assistance. There was a good attendance, mostly of the habitués of the club, and for the summer the matinee concerts will be discontinued and the introduction fee for guests the same every day.

Mrs. Lyons Biggar is visiting Mrs. Hood in Spadina avenue and will doubtless enjoy her Toronto sojourn as much as Mrs. Hood did hers in Ottawa last March.

Mrs. Holland of Rosedale said good-by for the summer to her visitors on Monday, and will leave with Mr. Holland very shortly for a summer at Port Darlington, Bowmanville. Miss Holland spends the summer on the West Coast.

The Misses Dupont left on Saturday for the West Coast, where they will spend some months. With them went their wise and clever "Polly," a cherished member of their household, and Polly was either overcome with regret at leaving Toronto or hurt in her dignity by being put into a traveling cage, for she was a very mournful and silent bird indeed on leaving day.

Miss Estelle Holland, whose graceful presence has brightened all the smart events during her visit with Mrs. Campbell Reeves, has returned to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles V. M. Temple have returned from Nassau, where they have been since the New Year. Mrs. Temple derived much benefit from the change and is now visiting her sister, Mrs. Vansittart, in Sussex avenue.

Mrs. George McKeough of Chatham and her daughter (who has just returned from school abroad) have been the guests of Mrs. Fred Jarvis of Jarvis street, and returned to Chatham on Thursday. On Monday a few old friends came in at the tea-hour to enjoy a chat with Mrs. McKeough, and say nice things about her bright young daughter.

Mrs. J. K. Kerr's dance at Rathnelly last evening for the coming-out of her eldest daughter, Miss Vivien Kerr, was the only event of importance in the social world this week. A few tiny teas and luncheons, a small dinner for a beautiful visitor and the golf events were all that was doing.

The May garrison parade takes place to-morrow afternoon at Massey Hall. Dr. Armstrong Black will preach to the soldiers on that occasion.

Mrs. Cattanch is in London for the present. The passage across was one of the best in a hundred, said the captain, and everyone enjoyed it. Mrs. Cattanch may spend the summer on the Continent.

Mrs. Boddy is spending some time at the Welland, St. Catharines. Colonel Otter has also been recuperating there, but is, I hear, determined to take his place at camp as usual. He has had a very narrow escape and his friends are relieved to hear of his satisfactory progress after his serious accident.

Mrs. Michie of Wellington place and Miss Michie are going to British Columbia to visit Dr. and Mrs. Stewart next month.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Frank Gray gave a charming dinner of twelve covers in honor of Mrs. Ivan Senkler at the Hunt Club. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander chaperoned the festivity. The other guests were the Misses Mortimer Clark, Miss Florence Blaikie, Miss Gray, Mr. Peacock, Mr. Gordon and Major Michie. Mrs. Senkler leaves for Vancouver to-day.

Miss Vivien McLeod, one of the season's debutantes, is leaving to-day with Mrs. Dignam's party to travel abroad.

Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell Macdonald, Major Robertson and Major Michie of the 48th Highlanders, spent a Saturday to Monday visit at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, the guests of the officers of the United States regiment in whose tournament our brawny kilts took such a telling part. The hosts of the three officers above named gave them a glorious time and the entente cordiale is firmly established.

Their Little Evenings.

"Ethel," said Mr. Henry Jenkins, solemnly, "the Japanese have taken Feng-Wang-Cheng." Now Mr. Jenkins takes a violent interest in the Jap-Russo conflict, hanging about the corner of Yonge and Adelaide streets in the afternoon until busy citizens butt into him and say things undreamed of by the teacher of the infant class.

"Um-m," commented Mrs. Jenkins, who was wreathing chiffon around a wiry skeleton of a hat and who had hazy ideas concerning the war. "Henry, do you think I'd better put roses at the side or just foliage?"

"Confound the foliage! Ethel, can you as an intelligent woman take no interest in the questions of the day? Did you hear what I said about Feng-Wang-Cheng?"

"Yes, dear; but where is the place? It sounds like a laundry."

"It's—away out in the East," said Jenkins, pompously. "But the East is a big place. Do you mean that it's in China?"

"Ye-es. That is—it's where the Russians have been. I shouldn't be surprised if the Japs would bottle up Port Arthur to-morrow."

"Bottle it! You'd think it was pickles or canned fruit. I do think war is the silliest thing. They don't seem to have the slightest idea of what they're doing. It has made camp-phor ever so much dearer. I was just telling the druggist last night that it would cost me ever so much more to put away my furs. And I shouldn't be at all surprised if kimonoes were to cost more in the autumn. Do you suppose they will, Henry? I want to get a pale blue one with white stripes down the front." But Henry was lost in the columns of the Saturday paper and refused to raise his speculations to kimonoes.

Last Penny for an Appetite.

Richard Mansfield was not always a successful actor. On his last visit to Chicago he related to a group of friends one of his early experiences.

"I was in London in the middle of summer," he said. "The theatrical business was particularly dull, and besides it was at a period of my career when managers were not wildly desirous of securing my signature to a contract. In fact, I was in such a state financially that I had but the price of one meal left; after that all was anguish uncertainty. My clothes were none too good, my shoes were worn from much wearing tramping of the streets, and I was dodging my old acquaintances."

"Suddenly my arm was seized by a flashy-dressed individual whom I recognized as a garrulous friend of better days. He asked me where I was going, and then before I had time to reply, he invited me to drink with him. Before I could decline he was dragging me in the direction of the nearest bar. 'They serve the finest ale in all England at this place,' he said. 'You must try some of it. It will give you a magnificent appetite—a magnificent appetite.'"

"Now, I didn't need a better edge on my appetite than I already had, but as my friend followed up his invitation to imbibe with the further invitation to dine with him, I ceased expostulating, and accompanied him to the bar. After the first drink he ordered another. 'You will have a magnificent appetite,' he kept repeating. 'This ale is noted for its qualities as an appetizer.'"

"As we finished drinking he felt through his pockets once, then a second time, more hurriedly, after which he turned to me with an apologetic grin. 'Blast the luck, old chap,' he said, 'but I've left me money at home in me other clothes, you know. Just settle for this, will you, and I'll fix it with you when we meet again, you know.' 'I paid my last two shillings for the ale and went out of there with a magnificent appetite.'"

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conventional needs.The right neckwear and
gloves.Yes, and suspenders—
fancy half-hose—silk under-
wear—tuxedo and opera
hats as well.

Fairweather's

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In addition to various other places of
interest which strangers are shown in
Toronto is now the new Bank of Nova
Scotia, a unique and beautiful dream
of a monetary mart. Mr. McLeod ex-
pressed his idea of what he thought a
bank should be, and Mr. Darling did
such things with that idea that it ex-
ceeds in realization the general man-
ager's fairest expectations. Drop in and
see for yourselves if you don't find it
inspiring.Miss Bertha Mackenzie is doing nicely
in Winnipeg, though her accident was
more serious than I was led to be-
lieve. By the way, I added to the con-
trite of her usually happy life by
remarking that she had broken her
arm some years ago, whereas I should
have credited the former fracture to
her sister, Miss Ethel.Mr. and Mrs. Frank Polson, who have
been for some months abroad, have re-
turned home.Mr. and Mrs. Bright of Elgin avenue
have gone to Niagara Falls to live. To-
ronto could have better spared a home-
lier couple, and everyone will greatly
miss handsome "Billy" and his lovely
wife.I hear that Mrs. Eade Chadwick has
also been the victim of a horseback
accident. Miss Chadwick of Lanark
has gone to St. Thomas to be with her
during her recovery.The King's Platers are being watched
and discussed in more than the betting
circles. Many a fair dame who loves
the graceful racehorse has already
picked her favorite. Will Dame For-
tune take a new flight, or will she give
her hand again to the tan and green?Dr. and Mrs. Murray have left their
residence in Laburnum avenue, Park-
dale, and are, I hear, to take a suite at
the King Edward later on. They are
going to St. Catharines.Mrs. George Plunkett Magann is going
to England shortly. Her two
young sons are doing very well at the
Oratory, Edgebaston, a beautiful sub-
urb of Birmingham.Captain Stuart Wilkie is spending
some time in St. John, N.B., in charge
of a department of the School of In-
struction there. He has received pro-
motion since his visit to Toronto.I hear that the bilious ex-Toronto-
nian Captain Fred Lester of Frederic-
ton is house-hunting, which suggests
that his marriage to the young Scotch
lady, Miss Watson, a recent guest and,
I think, also a relative of the Lieuten-
ant-Governor of New Brunswick, will
take place before many moons. Their
engagement was announced some time
ago.The Ottawa session still continues,
full of interest and likely to last. Mrs.
Osler of Craigleigh and her niece
went down to join Mr. Osler the other
day.Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara has been in
Dundas this week, taking part in Mr.
Steele's presentation of "Iolanthe," for
which all the seats were sold for three
nights some time in advance. Mr.
O'Hara is likely to make good his
choice of music to preference to finance
as his life-work, for he is doing well,
and, from what I hear, likely to do
better. Mrs. O'Hara is spending next
week in Chatham in connection with
the sale of Lydian, the family residence.Captain Arthur T. Kirkpatrick and
Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who have been at
Lakewood for the past three weeks, are
expected home to-day.A correspondent writes: "Ye maydes
of ye goode olde towne of Grand Val-
ley recently entertained their friends
at a leap year party. Chatfield's Hall
was prettily decorated for the occasion
with flags and bunting, while palms
and flowers added much to the artistic
effect. Cards were indulged in until
eleven o'clock, when a dainty supper
was served, and dancing to lively
and up-to-date music was in-
dulged in. The costumes were
usually smart and becoming, black
being the favorite shade. Major
Preston and Mr. Smart were most dis-
tinguished looking, and bore themselves
with finest courtesy, like true knights
of old. Mr. Watson was the pink of
perfection. Mr. Stark and Mr. Bu-
chanan danced most gracefully and
with old-time zest. Mr. Ed McIntyre
'hadn't one left' five minutes after he
came. Mr. Craig wore 'three' most be-
coming collars. Dr. Perkins, Mr. Reid
and the Messrs. Reith were much
sought for partners. Mr. Taylor looked
very distinguished in black, with
touches of white. Mr. Austin Richard-
son wore a dark costume, with garni-
ture of violets. Mr. C. J. Ready of
Brampton came especially for the
dance, and was suitably attired in an
ivory satin embroidered waistcoat,
and was unanimously voted 'the belle'
of the ball. Mr. Will McIntyre was a
much-admired blonde. Mr. Frank
Smiley's bright smile wrought much
havo, and all were delighted to see the
genial face of Mr. Alex. Cotton. Much
credit is due to the energetic commit-
tee who managed the dance and to
their painstaking secretary-treasurer.Mrs. Gibson gave a charming tea for
Mrs. Smith of Quebec (who is visiting
her son, Mr. C. Carrington Smith) on
Friday afternoon of last week, and
Mrs. Dawson gave an equally pleasant
one on Wednesday of this week.Among recently registered guests at
the Welland are Lady Howland, Miss
Bethune, Mr. F. S. and Mrs. Baker,
Mr. S. M. Gray, Mrs. R. H. Gray, Mrs.
J. M. Lister, Miss M. O'Hara, Mrs.
James Walker, Miss Walker, Mrs. C.
J. Marani, Miss Russ, Mrs. J. A. Pro-
ctor, Mr. J. E. Proctor, Mrs. R. W. Mc-
Clain, Miss Reynolds, Miss Bland, Mr.
and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, Miss E.
Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. McHenry, Mr.
Jack Oakley of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs.
Hamilton of London, Mrs. and Miss
Bird of Belleville, Mrs. MacVicar of
Sarnia, Mrs. Morris of Collingwood,
Mrs. Graham, Mrs. (Judge) Graham of
Milton, Mrs. H. C. Baker, Mr. George
Bellhouse of Hamilton.The annual athletic meeting of Upper
Canada College will be held on Friday,
May 20, at half-past two o'clock. Mr.
Mortimer Clark has kindly consented
to present the prizes.Chevalier J. Enoch Thompson is in
Havana, Cuba, where ideal climatic
conditions now prevail.Mrs. John W. Plummer of Barrie,
with whom Mrs. Calderwood (nee Har-
rison) has spent the winter abroad, has
sent announcements of the marriage ofher friend to Toronto friends. Mrs.
Calderwood will receive in Collingwood
after the fifteenth of next month.The Principal of Upper Canada Col-
lege and Harry Aiden will give an At
Home after the sports on May 20, from
4 to 6 o'clock, to which they have sent
out invitations this week.Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Manhee have
returned from a sojourn of three
months in the West Indies and Demer-
ara.Miss Edith Greene, only daughter of
Mr. Columbus Greene, succeeded in
giving her friends a genuine surprise
last week by the news of her marriage
to Mr. Stephen Yarwood, who has been
for some years a resident of Mexico.
Only her relatives knew of the quiet
ceremony, which took place in St. Al-
ban's Cathedral on May 4. Rev. Canon
MacNab officiating. Miss Greene, who
was given away by her father, was
married in her traveling dress, and
left with her husband from the house
of Mr. Stephen Yarwood, who has been
prosperously famous in Mexico. On dit
that he was long ago an admirer of Miss
Greene, and many good wishes go with
the couple to Mexico, where they will
make their home.Last Thursday's reception at Govern-
ment House brought out a great many
callers, and the cordial welcome and
pleasant attention received made all
glad to be there. There were several
interesting visitors in Toronto among
the many callers, and they carry away
with them the happiest impression of
gubernatorial hospitality. Apropos, is
there to be any festivity to mark Vic-
toria Day this year? The King has an-
nounced two birthday celebrations, "on
his own," June 24, and his proper
resort for the birthday celebration, "in
fete," November 9th. It was said his
Majesty intended to appropriate his
revered mother's anniversary for his
own celebration. But that seems at
present a mistake. Therefore, we still
hold May 24 sacred to the wonderful
little woman who saw it dawn over
four score times.Bishop Colton of Buffalo officiated at
the reception of two sisters of mercy
at the chapel at St. Joseph's Convent,
Batavia, on May 2, assisted by the Rev.
Fathers Blakeney and Graham of Bat-
avia. The brides were Miss Mary Ryan
of Buffalo and Father Freiser of Syra-
cuse—Miss Nora Flannery, youngest
daughter of Mr. F. C. Flannery,
216 Brock avenue, Toronto, Ont.,
who will be known in religion as Sister
Mary Anselm, and Miss Veronica
Sabletki of Syracuse, known in religion
as Sister Mary Crescentia. The former
will visit her parental home next week.Modern medicinal science has agreed
that natural remedies are most
efficacious when properly applied. The
"St. Catharines Well" is one of Nature's
boons to tired humanity. At
"The Welland" will be found an ideal
resort for the tired brain worker, or
the sufferer from the ills of life. Sun
parlors, roof promenade and beautiful
surroundings. Before going south to
expensive resorts secure a booklet from
"The Welland," St. Catharines, or G. T.
Bell, general passenger agent of Grand
Trunk Railway, Montreal, Que.

Man Called "A Zero."

A Chicago paper tells of the direful
things said about man at a meeting of
the Catholic Woman's National
League.If the members of the Catholic Wo-
man's National League had had their
husbands to the annual banquet held
in the Drill Hall of the Masonic Tem-
ple, some of the more sensitive of the
men might have hurried themselves to
the pavement seven or eight stories below.
Genevieve Cooney—who prefixes "Miss"
to her name, and consequently must
have spoken from observation only—
expanded upon the theme "The Club
Woman's Husband" with the glee of a
caricaturist.Miss Cooney began with a conserva-
tive. "He isn't such a joke after all,
and should be treated with the utmost
consideration," but after that one sen-
tence, she gave no mercy. Two hun-
dred and thirty women, most of them
with a husband at home, made up an
audience before which Miss Cooney
used the stiletto.
"Very little is known of this mys-
terious him," said Miss Cooney, "ex-
cept that he is Mrs. So and So's hus-
band. He is a quiet, domestic thing,
without any bad habits—a sort of
household pet. At times he displays an
intelligence that is almost human, just
like the family dog. Of him it might
well be said, parodying the words of
the poet Gray:"Full many a man is born to blush un-
seen,
And waste his sweetness in a modern
flat.""He is a zero in the domestic prob-
lem. His identity was surrendered at
the altar, only a fragment of it being
saved so that he may still possess the
virtue of signing checks.
"Shall I enumerate his modest vir-
tues? He can sew buttons on his
clothes while his life-partner is saving
the children of the masses; he can
keep house while she is away attending
the national convention, and ministerNew-Art
Hollow-Ware.NEW-ART decora-
tions in hand-ham-
mered effects are
striking and pleas-
ing. The illustration shows
a sterling silver Fruit Dish,
11 1/2 by 7 inches in size.
The decorations are in grey
relief, around a burnished
centre. Price.... \$15.00Our line of sterling hollow-
ware includes Berry Bowls,
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Dishes, Compotes, etc., rang-
ing in price to \$250.00.

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fulness of Malt Extract
in weakness and nervous
diseases, provided you
use Malt Extract, care-
fully and honestly made
from Barley Malt.
Your Doctor will tell
you O'Keefe's Liquid
Extract of Malt is the
best, for he knows how
it is made and what it
is made from.
If you need Malt Ex-
tract and want the best,
insist upon getting
"O'Keefe's."W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist,
General Agent,
TORONTO.

Prescriptions

ANDREW JEFFREY,
Yonge and Carleton Streets.A...
Wedding
Announcementis sent out to the bride's
many friends and acquaintances when
it is to be a very quiet wed-
ding and but few invitations are
issued.The Announcement is mailed
the day of the wedding, or immedi-
ately after.May we send to you samples and
prices? State probable quantity re-
quired.Bain Book and Stationery Co.,
96 Yonge St., Toronto.Brilliance
Durability
SymmetryOur Diamonds combine
the purity of water with
the flash of fire. They
are exceedingly hard and
yet cut into forms of
goodly proportion. We
are as near to the mines
as any dealer can get and
are quite confident that
for quality and fairness of
price we are unsurpassed,
perhaps not equalled.

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Established 1840

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Confederation Life Bldg.,
on May 16th, 1904.Larger Premises.
More Central Location.
Better Facilities.

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72 Yonge St., Toronto. Phone M. 4556

to all the needs of the baby; he can
listen patiently to stories of club do-
ings, told by his wife, although he
might be dying to read the newspaper;
and, best of all, he is perfectly satisfied
with his lot. I have even known some
of the species to wait for their wives
outside the club-room doors, after a
long day's work, and escort them home
to the supper table.
But the husband was not without a
champion during the banquet. Mrs.
David O'Shea, responding to the toast,
"Our Husbands," indulged in eulogy
instead of satire, closing with the words:
"May his arms be always our de-
fence, and our arms his recompense."

Polite to the Ladies.

Hungry Hawkins—Do yer mean ter
say yer got a square meal out o' dat
sour woman?
Diplomatic Mike—Sure!
Hungry Hawkins—Well, yer a won-
der. How'd yer do it?
Diplomatic Mike—When she opened
the door I sez: "Is yer mother at home,
miss?"—Philadelphia "Press."THISTLE BRAND
Canned Fish

Kipperd Herring

Finnan Haddies

Herring and Tomato

Are the best that
are packed.
Every package
guaranteed.
Best Dealers Sell Them.

NOTICE

A DROP IN THE PRICE OF
Imported PerfumesFor a short time we are
going to sell our Imported
Perfumes at a reduced price.
Now is your chance. Come
and see our stock.Huyler's Chocolates, etc.,
fresh every week.

W. H. Lee

King Edward Drug Store

Old and young will feel the
benefit in improved digestion,
better health and vigor, by
usingCowan's
Perfection
Cocoa

(Maple Leaf Label)

The COWAN COMPANY, Limited,
TorontoWedding
Cakesare unequalled for fine quality
and artistic decoration. They
are shipped by express to all
parts of the Dominion. Safe
arrival guaranteed.

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The Harry Webb Co.

LIMITED

447 Yonge St., Toronto

GIFTS

For
the
Bride

Save from 10 to 15 per cent.

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Jewelry Parlors
75 YONGE, COR. KINGA RING
BY MAILIt matters not how costly the
choice, it can be as satisfactorily
purchased of us by mail as if
you were here in person.Our Handmade Illustrated Cata-
logue mailed free on request—
contains every desirable style and
shows how simple our mail order
system is, and with what safety
out-of-town jewelry buying can be
done.We serve thousands of patrons
annually with strictly high-
grade rings of every descrip-
tion from a child's "first
birthday" ring up to the more
expensive and extravagant
kind where diamonds predomi-
nate.B. & H. B. KENT
144 YONGE ST.
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A carefully selected stock in all the
leading shapes and sizes.
Special attention given to embossing
and card printing.

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JAHN & SON'S
Tissue BuilderMarvelous in effect for banishing
wrinkles, lines and crowsfeet and
giving to the skin youthful smooth-
ness and firmness. Can be used
without fear of producing super-
fluities hair, and is certain, safe and
lasting. \$1.00 a bottle, post-paid.

JAHN & SON

731 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

PLEASING
POMPADOURSOf the many styles of dressing
the hair there is one which is
universally popular and lends
itself to almost any face. The
highest perfection has been
reached in Dorenwend's
Pompadours.Attention given to all enquiries at
our store, or if out of town write for our
circular on Ladies' Hair Goods.The Dorenwend Co.
of Toronto, Limited,
103 and 105 Yonge St.

PEMBER'S

Pompadours are
perfection, that
there is no gain-
saying.Pompadour
Banghas come to be
recognized as the
most universal be-
coming style of
wearing the hair
brought forth by
Dame Fashion in
many years. Ladies who are fortunate in
possessing an exceptionally luxuriant head
of hair may dress it in this style without
additional aid, but to many a

POMPADOUR

Bang is necessary owing to thinness of the
hair, and other things. The Pompadours
upon exhibition at The PEMBER Store
are made as light as swan's down, are
absolutely non-detectable when worn,
match the natural hair perfectly, and are
made from the very high-
est selected natural way
hair, which we import
direct.

PERFECTION

Is the key note in every-
thing pertaining to our
hair goods, and we would
be pleased to show to any
lady who is interested, the
many points of superiority
embodied in all our crea-
tions. Call at the store
whenever convenient.

Private Parlors.

The PEMBER Store

127-129 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

The Corset Specialty Co.

112 Yonge St. Toronto.
1st Floor over Singer Office.Manufacturers of Corsets
and Health Waists made
to fit the figure by expert
designers. Light weight
with strong, pliable bon-
ing. Hose supporters
attached.Imported Corsets always in stock.
Repairing and refitting of any
make of corsets neatly done.
Reliable agents wanted.L. A. STACKHOUSE
MANICURING AND CHIROPODYFor ladies, gentlemen and children. Corns, bunions,
ingrowing nails and all foot troubles successfully
treated. Telephone for appointments Main 1111.
166 King St. West (Opposite Princess Theatre)

When.

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds, forsooth, that men are
good,
Her soul is filled with melancholy
At such a proper attitude.
—The "Saint."

SOCIETY

A correspondent wishes to know whether it is obligatory to answer a wedding invitation. It is the height of rudeness not to do so. Whether one accepts or declines, the decision should be in the hands of the inviter in as short a time as possible after the receipt of the invitation. The only invitation which is not answered is that to the five o'clock tea. R. S. V. P. is never put on a properly gotten up wedding invitation.

News comes this week from Mrs. Somerville of Atherley, from Venice. Mr. Somerville is much better. Master Jack quite well, and Mrs. Somerville has enjoyed visiting Naples, Rome, Florence, Nice, Cannes and Milan.

The engagement of Dr. F. N. G. Starr of 115 College street and Miss Annie Callender Mackay, daughter of Mr. Forrest Mackay of New Glasgow, N. S., was announced a few days since.

The Strolling Players' studio looked most inviting on Wednesday afternoon, when some twenty-five members took tea. There was no musical programme, but there were no dull moments, either. Among those who enjoyed the and ways excellent tea and "dainties" were Mrs. Graff (Mlle. Toronto), Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, Mrs. Sprague, Miss Gertrude Thompson, Miss Sprague, Miss Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Miss Yarker, Miss Lamport, Miss Vivien McLeod, Miss and Mr. Sullivan, Mr. George Sweeney, Mr. Sears, Mr. Wedd, Captain Armstrong, Miss Wornum, Miss Seymour, Miss Adams, Miss Daisy Boulton, Mrs. Graham, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Cecil Johns, Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp and Mr. Pote. On Thursday Mrs. Graff lunched at the club with Mrs. Harley Roberts.

Mrs. Drechsler Adamson and her family are settled for the summer on the island.

Mrs. George Duncan Lamont (nee Martin of Chatham) held her post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and Friday of last week, assisted by her sister, Miss Edna Martin, of Chatham.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem are going abroad this summer. Mr. Cuthbert Beckett and Mr. Douglas Beckett will be in Ottawa the end of the month for the marriage of their brother and Miss Freda Montzambert on June 1. The bride and groom will travel to England and spend some time with Mrs. Beckett (mere), who will not come out for the wedding.

Convocation Day at Varsity will be June 10, and a rich treat is promised in convocation week in the return visit of the Ben Greth company, with talented Miss Edith Wynne Matheson at their head, who are to repeat the charming pastoral plays (which were given last year on Varsity lawn) on Wednesday and Thursday, June 8 and 9. "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night" and "Much Ado About Nothing" are the matinee and evening performances in their order.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Pellatt gave a small tea in honor of Miss Low, who, with her father, General Sir Robert Cunliffe Low, G.C.B., a soldier of long and active service, is traveling in America. Sir Robert and Miss Low went over to the Falls on Tuesday for a day or two. I believe they are connections of our former G.O.C., the general Trishman, General O'Grady-Haly, and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly.

A visit to the Graphic Arts Club rooms at 37 Melind street will well repay any lover of clever and artistic work. The exhibition is open every day and evening this week until ten o'clock.

Mrs. James Hughes left for Chicago this week. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes were well-pleased listeners to Mr. Le-mare and Mr. Poynt on Tuesday night, as were also Rev. Canon Cayley, Rev. Father Davenport, Rev. Carey Ward, Mrs. and Miss James, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Leffroy, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox, Mrs. and Miss Hoskin, Dr. and Mrs. Tyrrell, Mrs. and Miss Durr, Mrs. Boehme, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Andrews, Mr. Frank Strathay, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp and Miss Chaplin, Mr. Justice Oser, Dr. Scadding and Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander. During the recital and songs the Conservatory Hall was only lighted by the soft-shaded electrolights on the stage, and a few Moorish lamps, the effect being pleasant and grateful to the audience.

Mrs. Derwyn Owen (nee Jellett) held her post-nuptial receptions on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, looking very nice in her pretty white crepe dress, and assisted by her three sisters. Miss Harriett Cassels and Miss Temple had charge of the tea-table, which was sweetly done with clouds of tulle and white lilies.

On Tuesday at Troon, Scotland, Rhona Adair defeated Miss Higgins of Chicago in the ladies' championship match.

The passing of Senator Dever in Ottawa will remind many of us of the silver-haired and gallant little Irishman who had ever a ready compliment for any fair lady, and to whom every woman seemed deserving of his prettiest speeches. Very old, very young-hearted was Senator Dever, and a type of the old stock now seemingly about run out.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter and Miss Kate Alma have gone to Niagara-on-the-Lake for the summer.

Miss Gibson of Beamsville, daughter of Senator Gibson, is visiting Mrs. Darling of Ravensmount.

Invitations were issued last week to the marriage of Miss Mary Edith Smith, daughter of Mr. Henry Smith of 23 Huron street, and Mr. W. E. Lincoln Hunter, a successful young barrister of Toronto. The ceremony takes place in the Church of the Redeemer at two o'clock on June 1, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents.

A very smart evening was arranged by some of the leading spirits of L'Al-liance Francaise last Saturday, for which invitations of a very striking character were sent out. Le chat noir, arched for conflict, prowled on a bit of ridge-pole above the tiles. The evening's entertaining programme included descriptive talks on the famous "Chat Noir" of Paris and other hostilities, songs by members of the club and other interesting numbers. The vagaries of automobile prevented me from enjoying this reunion, which I had long been looking forward to.

Mrs. Maude of Rideau Cottage, Ottawa, spent a few days in town, the guest of Mrs. H. C. Osborne, on her

way from London to Ottawa. Mr. Beardsmore of Chudleigh gave a dinner for Mrs. Maude on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Murray, Captain and Mrs. Parkyn Murray and Miss Murray left last week for a visit to Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Hellmuth of Lawton Park will spend the summer in England.

Early on Wednesday morning Mr. David Breckenridge Read, K.C., ex-Mayor of Toronto (1883) and patron and active participant in all mainly sports of his time, passed away, after some months of invalidism, at the age of 80. Mr. Read has studied, practised, spoken and written the best wisdom of the age, and his genial, loyal and whole-souled manhood leaves its standard for lesser men to aim at. His son, the clever barrister, Mr. Walter Read, and his daughter, Miss Ada Read, live at the family home in Broad-albion street. Mrs. Fred Wade, wife of a prominent Westerner, is another daughter. Mrs. Read predeceased her husband by some years.

Mrs. Hugh Fleming (nee Gormally) is visiting Mrs. Gwyn Francis, in Crescent road.

Mr. Justice Teetzel and Mrs. Teetzel are in Ottawa. After June 15 they will occupy their suite in the Alexandra, Queen's Avenue. Judge and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt have been very anxious about their little son, Wallace Rankin, whom they brought to Toronto hurriedly for treatment one day last week. I hear the little chap is now happily much better.

Last Saturday the fourth meet of the hounds for this season took place in Rosedale, and a number of huntsmen and a couple of ladies, the Misses Jones and Arnold, were in the saddle, while a dozen or more of the fair sex watched the meet and the flashing of the pink as the hounds led the hunt through the spring country for an excellent run.

On Thursday a few friends gathered on Mrs. Grace's invitation at the King Edward to meet Mrs. Clarence Graff, who sang charmingly for the little company. Mr. Lissant Beardsmore also sang a couple of very sweet selections.

A little son and her arrived to Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan on Monday, May 9.

Mrs. Harry Gamble of Elm avenue gave a small and very pleasant tea for Miss Sims on Tuesday.

Miss Edith Mason will hold her second annual recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening, May 17. The recital is under the distinguished patronage of his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark. Mrs. Mortimer Clark and party will attend the recital. Miss Mason will be assisted by Miss Margaret George and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Hudson have gone to Winnipeg for a month. Mr. Gordon Lee has gone to the North-West with a surveying party. Mr. Reginald Hagarty is also with the C. N.R. surveying party.

Invitations were out on Thursday to the marriage of Miss Florence Ethelwyn Marshall, daughter of Mr. William N. Marshall, and Mr. Henry Moss, son of the late Chief Justice Moss. The ceremony takes place in St. Thomas' Church on Monday, May 23, at half-past two o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at St. George street, the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Morang, who have long been the bride-elect's very intimate friends.

The St. Louis Exposition begins to be a possible interest, and advance reports say that it will be well worth a visit. Intending visitors should note a note of the fact that warm weather clothing will be de rigueur, and an early visit true wisdom. I met a party of English tourists en route for the Exposition this week, who had fur coats and stout, heavy shoes and very warm traveling suits in active commission. They had come on from three inches of snow at the South, and no doubt will find variety of climate enough to suit the most exacting before they return to dear old England.

Mr. Walter Maughan, a popular railway man, was married on Thursday to Miss Gertrude Rymal of Sherbourne street. Previous to the marriage Mr. Maughan was presented with several handsome pieces of furniture in costly woods by his conferees and others in the C.P.R. service.

The death of Miss Elizabeth A. McMicking at her residence in Washington avenue took place on Wednesday morning, and her remains were interred at Chippawa, the service being conducted at St. Augustine's Church by Rev. F. Plummer yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Calderwood are, I hear, to be in town next week, when Mrs. Calderwood's many Toronto friends will be glad to offer their best wishes. I am not yet aware where they will stop during their stay in Toronto.

Those who remember with admiration and esteem the handsome ex-Bishop of Nova Scotia, Dr. Courtney, will regret that he has left Canada. Dr. Courtney is now in New York. His son, Captain Courtney, recently married at Nice a New York girl, Miss Elsie Davis. Before his appointment to the see of Nova Scotia I think Dr. Courtney was one of Chicago's most influential and esteemed rectors.

The June brides are practically all numbered and already the September ones are coming to the fore. Miss Gladys Buchanan and Mr. Norman Seagram will, I hear, be wedded in September, and Miss May Jarvis and Mr. Wallace Hellmuth will also be an autumn bride and groom. There are others not a few, and 1904 will be a record year for the marriages of well-known folk.

Miss Mary Miles is going shortly to visit friends in Montreal, "where the treasure is," etc. Miss Eva Miles is going to New York.

Mrs. Graham, who has been a popular member of the Strolling Players' Club, and occasionally pleases them with a sweet song, is going for a visit to Buffalo, but will return later on.

The serious illness of Mrs. Laurie Boyd (nee Jarvis) has given her friends much care and anxiety. She is yet a sufferer, but is improving. In the meantime her fine little two-months-old daughter is doing exceedingly well.

On Thursday evening of last week Miss Hugel was sufficiently recovered from her illness to take her part in Mrs. Grayson Smith's play at the May fete, which she did most artistically.

The opening meeting of the "Uno Sixteen" Tennis Club was held on Wednesday evening, May 11th, at 53 Elm avenue. The following officers were elected: Mrs. T. W. Robinson,

honorary president; Mr. Frank E. Blackford, president; Miss Edna Robinson, vice-president; Miss Josephine Plaskett, treasurer; Mr. R. C. Blackburn, secretary. The club will meet on Wednesday evenings at 124 Bedford road.

Mr. J. W. Morrice, whose picture, "Le Quai des Grands Augustins," in the Paris Salon, has been purchased by the French Government, is a son of Mr. David Morrice of Montreal and a brother of Mr. Arthur Morrice of Toronto. He was educated at the University of Toronto, where he graduated B.A. in 1886.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 11th, Miss Alma Alberta James, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Silas James, was married to Mr. George Vail, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Vail of Chatsworth, Ontario. The Rev. T. Bradley Hyde, pastor of the Northern Congregational Church, performed the ceremony. The bride wore a pretty dress of bisque voile. Her cousin, Miss Hucksins, was bridesmaid, and the groomsmen were the bride's brother, Mr. D. D. James. Owing to the illness of the bride's mother, the wedding was a quiet one, and after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Vail left for a two weeks' trip.

The marriage of Mrs. Frank Clifford Sutton (nee Routhier) of Quebec and Major Stanton, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, will take place to-day. I hear the bride and groom will be here for the Races.

Miss Hingston, daughter of Sir William and Lady Hingston of Montreal, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald at 575 Jarvis street.

Miss May Graham of Barrie is visiting her sister, Mrs. George W. Parsons, of 43 Howland avenue.

A lady writes asking me to recommend a useful traveling companion, and another asks for the name of anyone needing such a person. No. 1 will send an address I shall be happy to put her in communication with a companion of the sort she requires.

Miss Jessie McNab gave a most delightful musical on Saturday evening at her studio in Major street.

On Thursday the private car went up to Winnipeg for Miss Bertha MacKenzie, who will return to Toronto as soon as she is able to travel. Her injuries were most severe and painful, including a bad scalp wound from her horse's hoof and a dislocated and fractured arm.

Mrs. Oser did not leave for Ottawa this week, but will go later on to the Capital.

Mr. Soper of Ottawa is in town this week.

At the annual meeting of the members of the National Club, held on Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected by acclamation to serve during the current year: President, Mr. Noel G. L. Marshall; first vice-president, Mr. W. J. Douglas; second vice-president, Mr. W. K. George; directors, Messrs. A. A. Allan, Frank Arnold, S. G. Curry, R. A. Donald, George C. Gale, George T. Irving, W. C. Matthews, W. K. McNab, H. A. Richardson, Frank Rolph, R. F. Lutter, and William Stone. Mr. R. F. Lutter is secretary-treasurer.

Miss Kerr of Rathnall was a debutante in whose honor what was probably the last dance of the season occurred at mid-week. Senator and Mrs. Kerr received over a hundred young folks, and a very few intimate friends of the older contingent, but it was quite a young people's dance. The hostess wore a very beautiful white gown, touched with gold, and the debutante was in the regulation white, a lacelike frock veiling soft satin. The spacious home on the hill was at its best for the debut of the eldest daughter, which, it is whispered, will be followed by the next season by that of her next sister, a most attractive "not-out." From room to room the happy guests danced and wandered, and though the night was too chilly for what might have been a more extended stay in mid-May, a starlit promenade, there were many of cosy tete-a-tete corners for the dancers within doors. The young folks are unanimous in their expression of pleasure in the reminiscence of this very delightful evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Ross of 43 Huntley street are at 193 Lake front, Center Island, for the summer. They have rented their house, 42 Huntley street, to Mr. S. Gundy for the season.

Mrs. Hardisty has gone to Edmonton to her son, Mr. Percy Hardisty. Mr. Beryl Stewart is also there.

This is an actual verbatim copy of part of a letter from a little boy at his mother's in Toronto: "Dear Mother—I have not much to say. It is very hot in — just now; the birds are laying eggs all over too. Mrs. — is a great enthusiast in golf. I think it would do you a lot of good, because it is an excellent sport for ladies of higher age, and the driving of the ball improves the muscles. Then you could come here and play it, and visit me at the same time. You certainly should go in for some kind of muscular exercise, even if you are above the general age." The rest of the letter is even funnier, but relates to more private matters. However, the young man evidently has a future, eh?

Kept the Iron From Freezing.

When the thermometer dropped far below zero last December good Mrs. Rogers was much disturbed at the recollection that Huldah, the new kitchen maid, slept in an unheated room. "Huldah," she said, remembering the good old custom of her own girlhood, "it's going to be pretty cold to-night. I think you had better take a flat-iron to bed with you."

"Yes, ma'am," said Huldah, in mild and expressionless assent.

Mrs. Rogers slept soundly and free from care, secure in the belief that the maid was comfortable. In the morning she again visited the kitchen.

"Well, Huldah," she asked, "how did you get along with the flat-iron?"

Huldah breathed a deep sigh of recollection.

"Vell, ma'am," she said, "I got it most warm before morning."—"Youth's Companion."

Early Shoppers
Endorse Early
Closing.
Store Closes
Daily at
5 p.m.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
190 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Remember the
Church Parade.
See Our
New
Millinery.

Newness in the Cloak and Suit Section

No need of platitudes concerning style and variety and much-for-the-money and all-around satisfaction to those who know the large Cloak and Suit Section of this most satisfactory store. A few suggestions as to new motifs and modes:

Come and look at our WOMEN'S CRAVENETTE RAYNSHYN COATS. This one, a three quarter length, is made of best quality covert coating. It has tight back and military front, with deep shoulder capes; trimmed with small buttons, may be worn with or without belt. Colors bronze, oxford and fawn. The correct garment for everyday and outing wear. 45 inches long. \$12.00



The picture gives an idea of one of our Women's Suits of open weave basket cloth. Eaton coat style, finished with shoulder cape and girdle belt, trimmed with narrow straps. It has pipings of taffeta, and small buttons. The skirt is unlined and has side pleats, with a modish panel effect. The colors are grey, blue and black. Sizes 32 to 42 bust. \$17.50

OUR SPECIAL \$10.00 COAT.—This handsome garment is unequalled in value for the price. In style and finish it is most up to date. It is made of good-quality tan covert cloth, so much sought after by stylish dressers this season, and it is trimmed with stitching and buttons, which add so much to these tailor-made coats. It is lined with taffeta silk. \$10.00

OUR SPECIAL \$13.50 COAT.—The coat with the French front has come into prominence this season. It has the advantage of looking just as stylish and keeping its shape as well open as closed. It is made of good quality tan covert coating, neatly trimmed with narrow strapping and small buttons. It is lined through-out with taffeta silk. With these graces, little indeed is the price of \$13.50



The figure on the left shows a WOMAN'S WALKING SUIT, made of fancy tweed in light and dark colors, has flat collar and cuffs of broadcloth, trimmed with fancy braid and buttons, and lined with best quality mercerized; skirt unlined and finished with side pleats. \$12.00

Visit the Cloak and Suit Section's New Display Room, on the Second Floor.

The illustration of the lady with the parasol calls attention to a very handsome FRENCH ORGANDIE DRESS, trimmed with fine Valenciennes insertion. It has a bertha edged with lace. The skirt is trimmed with insertion, and has graduated flounce finished with tucks; drop lining with narrow lace-edged frill. The waist is fastened at the side. The belt is of Liberty satin. \$13.50



The June Bride; This is HER Store!

June, "dear June," as Lowell calls it, is very near. June, the month of roses, of the clear air and the blue heaven. June, the month pre-eminent of bridals and of brides. The June bride is not only the queen of June, but largely enters into the thoughts of May. She and her friends are already deeply considering needs of the wedding, the honeymoon, the new life. We have had the June bride in our constant thought for months past, and our London and Paris buying offices, our widely-distributed corps of buyers, have anticipated the many needs of the new wife and her devoted friends. A few suggestions of many we may make, as this is emphatically HER store, both before and after marriage.

LINENS FOR THE BRIDE

No household requirement so easily deceptive as linens—even to the most experienced housewife. Is that fine gloss, that vellum-like consistency, due to the strength and fineness of the fabric, or is it due to starch, and consequently will the cloth be "poor as a rag" after the first washing? It is not, it will not, if it is bought here. The EATON reputation, and the bride's security in linens, are in any other requirement.

Our finens are the productions of the best Irish, Scotch, German and French makers; the patterns are all carefully selected, many of them being confined to this store. We buy only from reliable makers, you need have no doubt in buying your linen for the future home here.

Full Bleached Satin Damask Table Linen, grass-bleached. A large range of patterns to make your selection from. Guaranteed all linen, 72 inches wide per yard. \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00

Bleached Linen Table Cloths, finished complete, with borders all around. New and exclusive patterns—large and small designs in various sizes, at from \$1.50 to \$18.00 each.

Satin Damask Table Napkins, grass or dew bleached, warranted every thread linen. Assorted in tea, dinner or medium sizes, per dozen from \$1.50 to \$12.00 each.

A large range of Fine Huck and Damask Towels, assorted in plain, hemmed, hemstitched and fringed, fine medium or heavy makes. Per pair from \$1.50 to \$6.00 each.

Fine English Satin Bed Spreads, the very latest designs. These are spreads that will launder and wear well. Assorted sizes, from \$1.50 to \$16.00 each.

Sheetings, Pillow-Cases, Comforters, Blankets, Fancy Linens.



Trousseau Lingerie

A Set for Her

Set No. 8.—Skirt, fine sheer linen lawn, French band, with handsome extra deep umbrella flounce; finished at top with fine wide Swiss beading and silk ribbon, finished with dainty bows and knots, cluster of narrow tucks, box plaits, wide Valenciennes insertions, lace; underfrill trimmed with narrow tucks and lace; dust ruffle. Gown, Drawer and Corset-Cover to match Skirt. Four pieces complete, \$36 a set.

Another Set for Her

Set No. 5.—Gown, fine quality nainsook, dainty slip-over style, round neck, finished with lace, beading and silk ribbon; front, one row lace insertion, beading and ribbon, round frill of sheer lawn finished with narrow tucks and lace ruffle, elbow sleeves trimmed to match. Skirt, Drawer and Corset-Cover to match gown. Four pieces complete, \$11.50.

Still Other Sets for Her

There are many other sets on display in our French Room, elaborately trimmed with embroidery and lace, and made of fine nainsooks, lawns, cambrics, silks or fine cotton, at from \$5.25 to \$85 a set. SECOND FLOOR.



A new odorless automobile fuel, which is said to be of 80 per cent greater energy than gasoline, will be placed on the market in a short time under the name of energine, says the Standard Oil Co. of New York. It hopes to bring about the solution of the problem of obtaining a high power fuel without any objectionable odor. The new company is about to erect a factory at Tulsa, Okla., to produce energine from the crude petroleum product to be known as energine. This has already been tested by a number of automobile manufacturers, and they have found it to be the fullest extent the claim of the originators as an odorless fuel. It is claimed that one gallon of this new fuel will carry a heavy touring car 18 miles, while the same car would require 10 gallons to carry the same car only 10 miles.

The Professor and Bobby Braithwaite

BRAITHWAITE picked up his hat and gloves. His large, well-groomed figure blocked the entrance of a pale day-light to the lawyer's ugly little room. Marshall switched on the electric light, being anxious to see how a man takes supreme disaster. His curiosity received no sop: it was a composed, fresh-colored person who thanked him for his services, and went out into a by-way that led to the roar and bustle of the Strand.

"It must feel rather queer," Marshall reflected, biting the end of his pen as the footsteps died away. "To be wearing the best clothes London can build for you, and still to be just a pauper—and a peculiarly discreditable kind of pauper, too, if you come to that."

Bobby, at the same moment, was making a similar reflection, almost as impersonally. He was slowly adjusting himself to the situation. It was not easy to realize that, with the doubtful exception of a few shillings retained for emergencies, and his personal effects, he possessed nothing that he might call his own. He turned into the Strand; and the publicity of the evening flaunted itself before him on a news-boy's placard.

"Trial of Braithwaite—Closing Scenes—Exemplary Sentence," said the sheet, flapping in the dusty March wind. He paused, fascinated, and two men stepped eagerly between him and the boy and bought papers. They were discussing the case, and Bobby moved out of earshot.

It is not given to every man to know the shameful truth concerning his own father. This only son had heard it dragged out in court for nearly a week, and had seen an unabashed countenance uplifted to it. It did not seem as bad in staring headlines as it had been in reality. Nothing could mitigate it; there were no extenuating circumstances. He had never loved his father, who had gone his own way—the way now given to the world—without seeking affection or respect from him. It was not for Bobby's sake that it had been done; it was not for anybody's sake: it had been deliberate, crafty fraud, practised when half the ingenuity expended upon it would have made Braithwaite the elder an honestly prosperous solicitor.

"They said he stole pennies and things at school," Bobby murmured, walking in the afternoon stream towards Charing Cross, and reviewing, with an awful clear-seeing, the unclear record that had been unrolled. "It was ingenious of the defence to try and make out that there was a moral kink amounting to insanity. But there was not: he is as sane as I am; he just preferred going crooked to going straight. It was a habit—a passion, I suppose, in the end—or he would not have plundered the clients quite so recklessly. I wish I could think he never meant to do it. Unfortunately, that is impossible."

It was a crushing sentence; but, heaven help him! he deserved it. He crossed the road in front of the station and came out beside St. Martin's. Three months ago he had been a fledgling barrister, jubilant at being taken as devil by a successful junior. It was charged against the elder Braithwaite that he had paid his fees with a worthless cheque on the morning of the final exposure. There were Harrow and Harbridge before—there were less pleasant things before; certainly there would be no legal career for Bobby.

He drifted past the National Gallery, and past the recruiting sergeant who were swimming majestically among smaller fry. The solution they offered was too obvious, and it did not fit in with the recollection that it was possible for him to hold up his head. He had a shipping company's pamphlet in his pocket-book. They were not as cheering to a penniless independent as they might have been. Nevertheless, he worked desperately round and round his prospects of raising money for a fresh start; he had excellent muscles and pluck, and a cheerfully industrious spirit; he did not believe he could fail if he were but able to put a foot upon the ladder.

He had floated upon the tide of his thoughts to Pall Mall East, when he heard his name called, and a little elderly man pounced upon him from the rear. Bobby recognized an acquaintance, a diner at his father's table, and wondered what he wanted with him. It took him a few moments to place the man, and then it was by means of remembering his daughter. This was Southworth, professor of — Bobby did not recollect his speciality, but he understood he wrote dry books — and father of Val Southworth, who was a pretty brown-eyed girl, and a nice girl, and a beautiful dancer. They lived in Kensington. Yes, he knew the professor now, but he did not know why he should accord him, as he was, with hasty feet, and an eagerness that made him short of breath.

Southworth peered up at him, dragging upon a black cord for his pince-

nez. He was a nervous individual, with close gray whiskers and a wide, prim mouth ruled neatly across his face. "This is a shocking affair, Braithwaite," he said. "You are going this way? So am I." He hooked a thin hand into Bobby's arm, pressed himself close to the young man like a limpet clinging to a rock, and, with the top of his head coming to his shoulder, minced uncomfortably, half on tiptoe, beside him. "A shocking affair!" he continued. "Of course you believe that there were aspects of it not put forward—must make the most of."

"I don't know what I believe," Bobby said. "I don't want to discuss it, thank you."

The professor blinked at him. "Eh?" he said. "Your counsel did not go far enough. He should have backed his plea by an appeal to science. He was amateurish; he left the deep waters of a very interesting case untouched. . . . Am I distressing you? It is not intentional; I am exceedingly sorry for Mr. Braithwaite. But an example of this kind presents so many engrossing aspects to the student that one loses sight of the more superficial, personal sentiment aroused by its existence in the circle of one's acquaintance."

Bobby's astonishment at this strange address submerged his rising anger. He shook his arm free, however, and tried to turn upon his heel. He had been born with an obsolete respect for age and learning, and it had survived recent shocks; but here it presumed upon his deference. He lifted his hat, and the professor fluttered after him protesting.

"I have hurt you! I ignored your point of view. I—I beg your pardon." He was full of apologies, and he backed Bobby to Hampton's windows, and but-tooled him against a background of red bedsteads. "My deepest condolence is yours, and Valentine's with it, and our joint admiration for the courageous way in which you have borne a very painful misfortune."

This was, perhaps, not exactly what he should have said; though it must be admitted that even a diplomatist, if he had been plumped into the professor's morass, would have found extrication no easy matter. But Bobby was a simple person, and the mention of Valentine, who had been so pleasant in the past, had a steadying effect. He remained passive under coercion, and the professor's sentences rolled swiftly out of him.

It was nice of Val Southworth to think kindly of him, because Bobby had been so horribly discourteous to her. It was rapidly coming back to him—it was back, in the full measure of its enormity. A month before, in the midst of all the fever and apprehension, at the outset of the attempt to stem the flood of retribution, she had written to him, and he had not answered her. He had forgotten. It had been a letter of spontaneous generous sympathy, the note of a warm-hearted young woman to a man in trouble. Dark things had rushed in and covered him; he had been driven away, with so many other agreeable trifles, upon the flowing tide. And yet it was not a trifle; it was a healing touch, put forward at an hour when people were far more ready to condone than to console. Kind Val Southworth, the girl with the brown eyes, who danced so well! She and Bobby had always been good friends when they met. What did she think of him? It almost looked as if she understood.

He came back to Southworth, and drew the meaning of his words together. What? He had been attentive to them. Southworth ran out of breath, and Bobby was able to reply.

"Take up work as your secretary, professor? Oh—Surely Val was somewhere behind the scenes, heaping up coals of fire. 'It is very kind of you to offer me the post—very kind. Yes, of course it is, sir; I mean it. It is unexpected; I never looked for such a thing. My hesitation is—London is hardly the place for me. It might be disagreeable for Val—for you and your daughter. People are such snobs. I thought of going abroad somewhere—Canada, Australia—the clean slate, you know.'"

"It is a temporary thing," the professor said. He held Bobby, peering nervously at him through short-sighted eyes, exhibiting, indeed, an anxiety that would have sat aptly upon the younger man. "It will enable you to start better in a new country, don't you think?"

Bobby thought so, of course. He could not do otherwise when he heard the details. There would be a moderate salary, which could be put by practically intact. He would have to live in the professor's house; and he would be asked to consider himself, during the engagement, in the light of a member of the Southworth family.

"You and I and Valentine," the professor said gleefully, when they were walking down again. "We shall be, I trust, a happy little party. You are really conferring a favor upon us, Braithwaite. I must have my secretary on the premises. I am erratic in

my hours of work—and it is absolutely necessary to know that he is someone of whom Valentine is likely to approve. She will be pleased with this; I may say, in point of fact, that she already consents to it."

So Val had been heaping the coals; and after that there was nothing left for Bobby to do, when he arrived with his bag to take up work on the following day, but to submit his apologies. He found her in the drawing-room, beside the tea-table. He made a simple confession; and he handed her the muffins while he made it.

She was, if possible, even nicer in her own home than she had been out of it. Bobby, sore from a three months' buffeting, warned to her; by the time they had finished the tea between them he felt that he had come home, which was probably what she had intended him to feel. They sat over the fire in the low, old-fashioned room, with its bow-window looking down upon the bustle of a main road's traffic, and again Braithwaite justified himself to the changes that were making sport with him. For one thing, he had not seen Val Southworth in her own place before; for the first time she was independent of her attractions as a dance-partner, a dinner companion, the picturesque appanage of a river party. She was what such desirable persons are not always understood to be in less stimulating situations; she was absolutely genuine and reposeful, and she studied him with frank, kindly eyes, and kept her pity carefully tucked away behind them.

He looked at the clock at last, and stood up. "Mr. Southworth wants me at half-past five," he said. "I had better go to have some work to look forward to. I have to thank you for that, and this time I shall not forget it."

She shook her head, a little surprise in her face. "I had nothing to do with it," she said. "I am glad—heartily glad; but until this morning I did not know father had spoken to you. I did not know." She checked herself at the act of saying that his intention of engaging a secretary had been unknown to her until its fulfilment. There was an obvious reason for it; though it puzzled her that it should have struck the abstracted professor, deep in his indifference to interests outside his study walls. "You will be the very man for father," she said. "He loses himself; he wants someone to put his working life in order. I am so glad he asked you to come," she repeated.

Bobby went away to the study, musing upon her candid disclaimer. He remained passive under coercion, and though he admitted annoyance was unreasonable and ungrateful, it annoyed him. Oddly enough, he had made up his mind to take it from Val without giving it a second thought. But then she was Val, the girl whom everybody liked. What did he know of the promise of a new life? He did not want to owe him anything. Yet he blears must be choosers; and Bobby swallowed the ugly phrase and its application, bravely mindful of the pitfalls of an unreasonable pride.

The room which he entered was unoccupied. It was lined with books, and books, and books again, and the dusty piles of correspondence on the table were tumbled together higgledy-piggledy in a way to strike horror to the heart of a conscientious secretary. It was never very difficult for Bobby Braithwaite to find a seat; he seated himself in the chair and began to evolve something approaching to order out of the medley, and he reflected as he began that he would now, for the first time, be able to gauge the nature of his new employer's resources.

Letters from German dry-as-dusts, challenges from America, crabbed notes and monographs in Southworth's own cursive, became attentive to them. They used famously long words, these savants; he arrived slowly at their meaning. When he came to the end, however, his mind attention disappeared; he sat back in his chair and frowned. He had had too close a connection with a dark side of human nature; he was not a little dismayed to find it rising, spectre-like, upon the threshold of his reconstructed career.

It had been a letter of spontaneous generous sympathy, the note of a warm-hearted young woman to a man in trouble. Dark things had rushed in and covered him; he had been driven away, with so many other agreeable trifles, upon the flowing tide. And yet it was not a trifle; it was a healing touch, put forward at an hour when people were far more ready to condone than to console. Kind Val Southworth, the girl with the brown eyes, who danced so well! She and Bobby had always been good friends when they met. What did she think of him? It almost looked as if she understood.

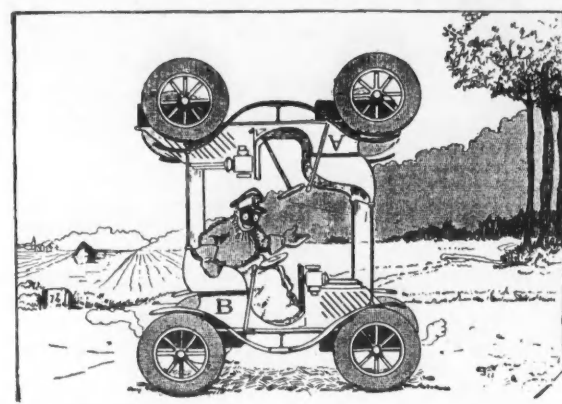
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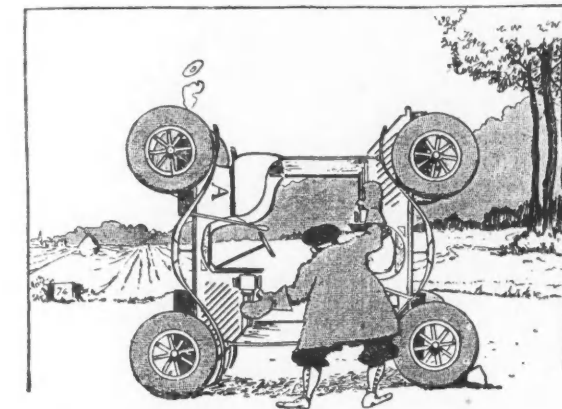
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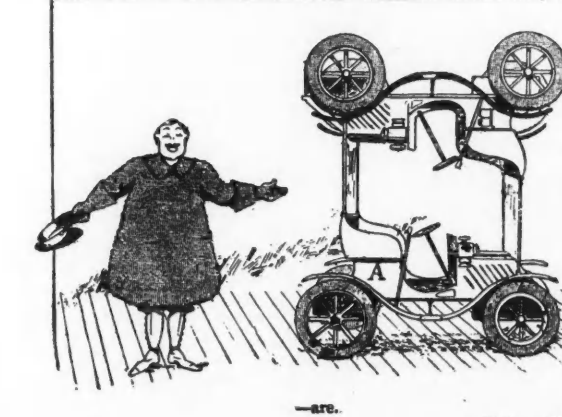
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Another patent. Brown has had so many breakdowns that he now has a double car, so that if anything—



—breaks en route he simply has to turn the concern round, and then—well, there you—



—are. "Pick-me-Up."

entered the room, and was standing behind his chair, peering at him in his short-sighted way, his long, thin mouth half open.

"I am afraid I startled you," he said. Bobby rose in some confusion. "I didn't know you had come in, sir," he said. "I was just going to begin work, but I found this among the writing-paper, and—"

The professor took the cheque, and mounted his pince-nez. "What is the matter with it?" he said, mildly. "It was intended to be sent to the book-seller this morning. I suppose I forgot it. I am not a very good man of business. Mr. Braithwaite; but then, that is not my calling, you know. I shall have to leave all that to you."

"Yes, but—" Bobby said, and explained. The professor's blinking eyes waited on him, intently, while he illustrated his meaning with the pen in his hand. In the end their owner dismissed the subject with a slight impatience. "There! there! 'It is a trifle; let us forget it. We must get to more serious affairs, if you please.'"

He gathered up a sheaf of manuscripts in scribbling fingers, and the incident was at an end. He seated himself, and he was no longer a grotesque little person with a disjointed manner; he was an authority, a master of his subject, with more strange knowledge than Bobby had dreamed of marshaled in his brain. The tenor of his researches was grim; he was baring things which nature instinct hid; he was merciless; he screened no vanity; he dragged the ugly secrets of the mind into the light of day. Bobby winced, but he could not withhold his admiration for the acuteness of his methods.

The nature of Southworth's occupation known, his dual personality came as a subsidiary discovery. This investigator, more threatening to mankind

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"Do you know why? It's because I used to drink coffee, but three weeks ago I cut off the coffee and began using Postum. Twice since then I have drunk coffee, and both times I passed a sleepless night, and so I am doubly convinced coffee caused the trouble and Postum removed it."

"My brother has been in the habit of drinking coffee three times a day. He has been troubled with sour stomach, and I often would notice him getting soda from the can to relieve the distress in his stomach; lately hardly a passed without a dose of soda for relief."

"About two weeks ago he asked me for a cup of Postum—said he liked it well enough to give up coffee, and he has been drinking Postum three times a day, and says he has not once been troubled with sour stomach." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Even after this lady's experience with coffee her brother did not suspect coffee was causing his sour stomach, but easily proved it.

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with the pen than an armed battalion with its bayonets, was, at the time of his study, no more than the man for whom Bobby had first taken him. He was an undecided, timorous person, and he kept a normal heart beating for his sor exhibited in his discoveries. He took them as the natural sequence to his work; Val was, it was evident, still a profound and tender surprise to the author of her being. She charmed him. It was not wonderful, Bobby admitted, after a few weeks of her society. She charmed other persons who had no such close concern in her. Chance, or Southworth's spasms of benevolence, had thrown a susceptible young man into her company. She was a pleasant girl, and Bobby had been considered a good fellow; the invisible meshes began slowly to enfold the two, and one of them fell to studying problems of maintenance with a furrowed brow, long after his day's work was done.

He was not cursed with false modesty, and Val's nature was too clear for subterfuge. They came to mutual confidence upon a warm June evening, under the footy plane tree in the little red-walled garden. The roar of the road followed Bobby into the house when he tore himself away with too much already said, and infinitely more that might be said, and trembling upon his tongue. It was the din of the working world calling him to take note of the hard realities of life outside of a fool's paradise. It forced him into action, however rash, was desirable after the storm of emotions—and it propelled him headlong to where the professor was entrenched behind his study walls.

Half an hour later Bobby came out, pale, with compressed lips, snatched a hat from a peg, and fled into the streets. He had not met contempt or contumely; he could have suffered them, for Val's sake, gladly. But deliberately, dispassionately, and with an inhuman skill, the professor had dissected his history before his eyes, and brought the dusty volumes of his research to bear upon it. He was the son of a criminal who had played with crime for the pleasure of it, who had been steeped in it for years before his cunning failed him. Southworth took the life history of similar examples, quoting chapter and verse. Then he sent Bobby forth into the wilderness, with the deductions in full cry about his heels.

Braithwaite never forgot the sensations of that night. For years after the smell of late-washed roads, the breath of lime trees in the old gardens of the suburb, the starry lamps gemming street after quiet street, brought them back to him. He had courage, and confidence in his own power to rise. In the three months that had passed, an initial difficulty had passed also. Val was quite willing to wait, and even eager to share life in a new country. But, unless all the long line of the professor's facts were false, there was a risk that it would be cowardly, and worse than cowardly, to ask him to share. Bobby cried out to himself that he was a clean man; that what he had seen must stand always before him as an example; that what he most hated and loathed could never lay a hold upon him—and the wise man's hideous logic rose to confute his assurance. After all, who should know, if not he who had studied such things as these, with all his intellect, for years?

It was nearly midnight when his feet bore him to Val's neighborhood again. He crept through the iron gate. There was a light still in her window, and he was glad that he was not to face her until the morning, because he could not tell, for the life of him, what he should have to say. The professor must be right; but all Bobby's love and man-

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liness persisted that he was wrong. He was his father's son. . . . No! not in that—never in that! He was not the captive of heredity, dragging at the chariot-wheels of another man's sin. God forbid! He was, if anything, a being forewarned, and so forearmed, against temptation—one who had learned, by contact with it, all the vilenesses, as no other observer could have learned them. Oh, he was sound, contented Bobby: he was not good enough for Val—no man could be that—but at least he was not hopelessly low her! He would never believe it.

He turned his latch-key in the lock, and marched in. He meant to have it out with the professor: this was not an accusation to sleep upon. It must be refuted by arguments not less convincing to Braithwaite because he dimly suspected they were impossible of translation into words. He went to the study door, and then, held back by knowledge of what this interview might mean, hesitated, gathering up his thunderbolts. He pushed the door with his hand unconsciously. It yielded, and he saw beyond it.

Mr. Southworth was sitting with his back to the door, in much the position that Bobby had occupied when he had been silently observed on the evening of his arrival. He held a reading-glass in his hand, and he was poring over some gold coins which were arranged on a sheet of paper in front of him. He had a penknife near, and while the onlooker held his breath he picked at the milled edge of a sovereign, and studied it again with the glass. Then he laid his instrument down and wiped his pince-nez, and tapped the desk with them, deep in meditation, shaking his head occasionally, making little clucking noises of annoyance. The midnight gas flared over his gray head. He put a finger forward once or twice and pushed the coins; he fidgeted uneasily; but he did not turn and see who was behind him.

Light, illuminating his perplexities, streamed in upon Bobby. He remained standing there for some minutes. He flushed the crimson of excitement; he clenched his fist; he laughed noiselessly; finally he coughed aloud. With the cough the professor's abstraction disappeared; he pushed the money hastily under a corner of blotting-paper, and swung sideways in the revolving chair. "Ah, Braithwaite again!" he said, with the pince-nez once more upon his nose.

"Yes, sir—Braithwaite," Bobby said. He advanced to a chair and looked enquiringly at his employer.

"By all means," Southworth said, and he drew the blotting paper tidily over the money. "If you think it can do any good to open the discussion—oh, by all means. I am not the man to stand in the way of any man's hopes, particularly as you tell me that Valentine has raised them. But I tell you it is futile. You are barred, not by me or by personal animus, but by the inexorable workings of laws past your control, Braithwaite, or mine."

He threw a little regretful sigh after his words; his face, benevolently avoiding the young man's probable distress, had an air of compassion. It was mainly to tinder, fuel to fire; and when Bobby began he spoke with no apprehension visible in his tone, but rather with a deliberation that brought Southworth hastily from his pose to a more attentive attitude.

"I grant you, sir, that my father was guilty of all for which he has been tried and punished; but should I like to show you that it is possible that he was no more vicious than hundreds of persons who are still at large in the world?"

"Is it necessary?" the professor queried, gently. "That is conceded; it is also irrelevant."

"Not as irrelevant as you think, perhaps," Bobby said, warming to his work. "What I mean to say is—and I wish I had your powers of expression—that if you are going to rule out of the game all those people whose fathers have committed cruel and selfish actions, whether criminal or not, you might as well put an extinguisher upon the whole human race. For I suppose that you, who have studied the depravity of the mind so closely, will admit that there is a huge amount of potential wickedness existing, which, because it has not brute courage or strength of purpose behind it, never becomes active enough to find itself within the reach of law."

"Just so." "And there are plenty of actions committed every day, which are heartless offences against other human beings, and are capable of destroying lives and blighting happiness, without being accounted murder or legal fraud."

"Oh, dear me, yes," the professor said, patiently.

"Take my father as a sample of the legal criminal," Bobby said, and he pulled his chair up to the other side of the writing-table, and leaned over it, and fixed his adversary. "Take him on his face value—it is plain enough. Now let us take one of the other sort. Let us suppose, for instance, that a man might seduce a younger man, to whom a good start in life was all-important, into his employ under the guise of benevolence, using that young man's natural confidence in a good woman as a stalking-horse."

The professor had been in the act of wiping his glasses. He paused, and Bobby went on. "Having caught him, let us suppose he proceeds to use him for his own ends. He suspects the young man of an hereditary tendency towards—shall we say—embezzlement? It will do, I think. He believes—the course of his studies has led him to believe it—that his subject is likely to be morally weak in that direction. He would be interested to an investigator to see whether his estimate of the

In an Old Trunk

Baby Finds a Bottle of Carbolic Acid and Drinks It.

While the mother was unpacking an old trunk a little 18 months old baby got hold of a bottle of carbolic acid while playing on the floor and his stomach was so badly burned it was feared he would not live, for he had not eaten ordinary foods. The mother says in telling of the case:

"It was all two doctors could do to save him, as it burnt his throat and stomach so bad that for two months after he took the poison nothing would lie on his stomach. Finally I took him into the country and tried new milk, and that was no better for him. His grandma finally suggested Grape-Nuts, and I am thankful I adopted the food, for he commenced to get better right away and would not eat anything else. He commenced to get fleshy, and his cheeks like red roses, and now he is entirely well."

"I took him to Matamoras on a visit, and every place we went to stay to eat he called for Grape-Nuts, and I would have to explain how he came to call for it, as it was his main food."

"The names of the physicians who attended the baby are Dr. Eddy of this town and Dr. George Gale of Newport, N. B., and anyone can write to me or to them and learn what Grape-Nuts will do for children, and grown-ups, too." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

strength of inherited viciousness would be supported by daily experiment. Very interesting, no doubt; but would it be morally sound to expose that young man to persistent temptation in order to test the correctness of a theory? His fortune depends on his own confidence in himself. Would not the man who tried, for his own selfish ends, to destroy it, be as great a moral criminal as the man who robbed his friends of not their virtue, but their money?"

The professor's hands shook. He hid them in his lap.

"Such dirty tricks, too, professor! Marked coins, an unlocked cash-drawer, an open cheque, the key of the plate-chest — and an affectation of blindness in a spy who was watching, all the time, for the first sign of weakness. But he did not find it. No, thank God, he did not! And yet he had no grace to admit it!"

Bobby sprang to his feet. Southworth shrank back in his chair, glancing at the bell, his lips pale.

"Pooh!" said Bobby Braithwaite, contemptuously. "You need not be afraid that I should lay a finger upon you, sir. But that's the meanest thing of all! When I had falsified all your theories—quite innocently and spontaneously, I'll swear—you might have allowed me the clean slate. But no; you would have sent me away, still branded to my own eye—not because you knew of anything against me, not because I had succumbed to the best tests you could devise; but because I had fallen in love with your daughter. Am I wrong? Answer me!"

Southworth could not answer. He sat still, staring, so shriveled and speechless that Bobby went out of the room and fetched him brandy.

"It has been a bit too much for you," he said, staring over the little trembling man while he sipped the spirit. "Better now? . . . Well, you see! By all the theories of heredity, with you in one scale and me in another, which side would you expect?"

"For heaven's sake, let it be," groaned the professor. "It is not—it was not exactly what you thought. I can make Val an honest husband; and I am ready, professor, to hold to that conviction. I don't want to call in a referee—particularly I don't want to let Val judge her prospects of future happiness for herself. It would demolish her present illusions, and since they are pleasant and natural ones, I think we ought to agree to let them rest."

"Hang heredity, I say! Here two cases that refute you, professor, under your own roof; for I think you will admit that it is inconceivable to think of Val doing—well, it is inconceivable, and there it rests. It is not a mistake, the morning is not going to make it look different; but perhaps you will agree to let discussion of it end with the night—for Val's sake. I want to serve her as much as you do, sir. Please God, I'll do my best for her; I do believe you may trust her to me."

Southworth still said nothing. He had moistened his dry lips, and he sat like a stricken man, parting and closing them. Presently he rose uncertainly and crept out of the room, and Bobby watched him mount the stairs.

"Poor old monster!" he reflected, as the bent back disappeared. "He played for a prize worth holding, enough to make a man unscrupulous. Or perhaps his sense of right and wrong had been muddled by all his disquisitions on dust-heaps, that he himself by and by would see that he was wrong. He'll see, too, that you can't stem the eternal courses with cut-and-dried theories formed inside your dreary walls. We are only faulty humanity, but we believe in being able to better ourselves by just taking the common way, the best way, with all its rest. Oh, my dear, my dear! What a blessed, heavenly chance it was that gave me the key to the professor's puzzle! I would have won you sooner or later, anyhow; but I should not have succeeded without a heap of trouble. I wonder if I shall be able to catch you before breakfast?"

He turned out the gas. His heart hammered on his ribs as he passed his sweetest, and he sat, with thanks-giving in his soul, and a restored self-confidence, and a cheerful grasp upon the skirts of fortune, Bobby Braithwaite slept the sleep of victory.—Mayne Lindsay in "Fall Mail Magazine."

Two Fables.

I.

Once upon a time Too-Many-Cooks spoiled the Broth. Said the King sent for Too-Many-Cooks, and when they had arrived he tasted the Broth before them.

"Had broth, O Too-Many-Cooks," said the King; "try it."

The Too-Many-Cooks tried the Broth. "Bad broth, O King," said they; "veritably bad."

"And whyfore?" enquired the King.

"Because we are Too-Many-Cooks," answered they.

"Dear me, so you are," said the King. "In which case what's to be done?"

"I beg to suggest, your Majesty," replied the Too-Many-Cooks, "that a less sagacious ruler than yourself might appear that the remedy lay in a decrease of the number of cooks. But we beg to suggest to your Majesty that a pleasanter way out of the difficulty would be to double the quantity of broth."

"Let it be as you suggest," said the King.

Moral.—There are more ways of killing a pig than three.

II.

Once upon a time Good Wine needed no Bush. But that was a long time ago.

Moral.—Advertise—"Punch."

A Swinburne Story.

This story of his school days is given in "Personalia," as told by Mr. Swinburne.

He had as a boy just finished his first term at Eton, and was visiting his London with his father. In the coach sat the headmaster of the school, reading his "Times."

"Isn't that Dr. —?" whispered his father to me, peering curiously in the direction of the headmaster. "I believe it is," I stammered, reluctantly. "Believe it is!" rejoined my father, caustically; "you must surely know your own headmaster?" Then, clearing his throat, and raising his voice, to my consternation he bent forward and airily accosted the awful presence behind the "Times" with, "Dr. —, I believe, sir."

The doctor, incensed at being interrupted by a perfect stranger, glared at my father round the sheet of the paper, and said, testily, "Yes, sir; at your service." Well, sir, rejoined my father, jerking his finger in my direction, "my boy here has just finished his first term at Eton, and I should very much like to know what account you can give me



We Eat Too Much

We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

Hunyadi Janos
Nature's Laxative Water
CURES ALL THESE TROUBLES
Dose: Half a Tumbler on Rising

of him. Now," continued Mr. Swinburne, with almost tragical solemnity, "as a matter of fact, Dr. — had never set eyes on me, and probably did not even know of my existence; but enraged, I suppose, at my father's unconventional interruption, which he no doubt considered a slight on his dignity, he glanced down at me with a scarlet face, and said, deliberately, 'Your boy, sir—your boy is one of the very worst in the school!' and then entrenched himself once more behind the 'Times.' My father looked volumes, but said nothing till we got out at Paddington. Then the storm burst. In vain I protested that Dr. — knew nothing whatever about me, and had only said what he had out of pure vexation at being disturbed. 'Do you think,' said my father, 'that I am going to take your word before that of your headmaster?'

Male Vanity.

On the whole, men are vainer than women. The man who would walk down Piccadilly in a frock coat and a bowler hat for the mere love of the thing has yet to be found. A man who is supposed to have faced troops of bloodthirsty savages without a quail dare no more face a hostess at eight p.m. in a morning coat than he does go into his bank with his face blacked. It is simply man's vanity.—T. W. H. Crosland, in the "Gentleman."

A Change.

"Why is the council summoned?" asked the Emperor of Korea. "In order that we may be prepared for any emergency," answered the prime minister. "We are getting ready to change the name of our country from 'The Land of the Morning Calm' to 'The Land of the Cold Gray Dawn of the Morning After.'"—Washington "Star."

Benefits of Flirting.

Flirting tends to the development of both soul and intellect, according to the belief of Dean Tufts of the University of Chicago. The dean recently told the seniors during an address recently, "is a training of the abilities needed in serious life. It is instinctive and not merely an outlet for surplus energies." Teasing was also considered by the professor in the light of a scientific advantage in maturing the mind. Tufts seems a worthy successor of the late lamented Triggs.

The Ways of the Plaster.

"Consider the porous plaster, my son," remarked the philosopher, "and don't get discouraged. Everybody turns his back on it, yet it hangs on and eventually achieves success by close application." — Chicago "Daily News."

Why Miss Mary Brown Always Recommends Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—Could Find no Other Cure for Her Dyspepsia.

"I always recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets as a sure cure for Indigestion and Dyspepsia."

So says Miss Mary Brown of Birchton, Shropshire County, N.S. And the Brown gives the following splendid reason for doing so:

"I had Dyspepsia for some time, and tried many medicines to rid myself of its pains and discomforts, but never with any result. To help me I used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

"Three boxes cured me so completely that I have had no Dyspepsia for over a year."

Thousands of statements like the above are the proof that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have cured thousands of cases of Dyspepsia. What they have done for others they will do for you. One or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets carried in the pocket and taken after eating, is a safeguard against discomfort.

She Gives a Splendid Reason

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Blame the Trolley.

A New Jersey doctor, Thomas W. Linterode, says that trolley cars are responsible for appendicitis. He says they make us lazy—that we ride when we should walk, and thus develop the disease through the abdominal muscles not being actively exercised. He says that if the human animal wants to conserve his strength and preserve his health, let him walk, and let him be careful to keep the abdominal muscles strong and the intestinal muscles active.

She Knew Him.

Doodflicker, the author, was invited to dine with a wealthy banker at his home. Arriving somewhat early, he amused himself with the prattle of his host's little daughter.

"Well, Elsie," said the guest, "since you know my name, perhaps you can tell me who I am."

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Elsie readily. "I heard mamma tell auntie yesterday that we were to have another half-starved literary genius to dinner."

"He comes of a distinguished family, I believe." "Yes. His people have worn glasses for three generations."—EX.

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should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

LABATT'S India Pale Ale

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.

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SOOTHING & REFRESHING.

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It entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, TAN, etc. It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT.



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Peculiar wearing qualities and perfectly straight selvege. Corticelli Skirt Protectors of firm and even texture, and when soiled a sponge or brush makes it clean again, and no harm done.



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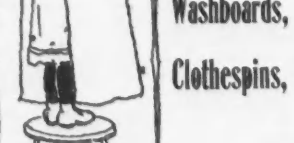
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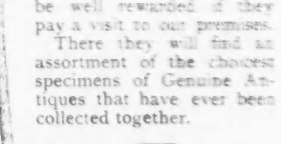
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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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THE DRAMA

At Shea's Theater this week Bean and Hamilton open the bill with such jumpings over and diving into barrels, done in black and white, as to make the nervous beholder fear that the gentlemen of sudden disappearances may meet with the fate of Port Arthur and have the lid put on before they have time to back out. They are called the world's greatest barrel jumpers and we are quite willing to believe that they are the best ever in manoeuvres with the portly barrels which stand the shock of their turnings and tumbings without a quiver. Miss Dorothy Neville, who appears in a number called for no reason whatsoever "As It Happens," is a large lady in red who has an entirely unremarkable voice in which she sings meaningless songs. Her representation of the New York messenger boy delivering flowers to a beautiful maiden whom he designates a peach is an excellent bit of mimicry, but when she acts the part of an intoxicated "lady" indulging in Teutonic remarks alleged to be witty remarks the performance has degenerated to a tiresome degree. Mr. Harry Foy and Miss Florence Clark (we may state officially that the gentleman is not related to the Blake letter), appear in a new comedy, "The Old Curiosity Shop," which is distinctly refreshing and "laugh-tersome." The curiosities are weird affairs, among them being the five-cent piece which Russell Sage gave Elijah Dowie and a goat that coughs up bricks and other packages of breakfast food. The hero ends his career by being blown up, which is highly elevating. Mr. William Windom is excellently comical as "the colored nurse girl," although the dramatic monologue on osculation is a trifle long drawn out. Miss Emma Francis and Mr. Pat Rooney, announced as the great dancers, do some clever whirling, the young man being far more ingenious and amusing than Miss Francis, whose airy grace is somewhat too pronounced and prosaic. The Romani Trio, a European musical sensation, play coach horns while balancing, while Mr. Romani himself accomplishes the remarkable feat of playing two distinct parts on two cornets at the same time. The cornet is not exactly a favorite with those of us who have neighbors, but the Romani cornets are another story and sound quite melodious as played by the olive-and-gold trio. I was afraid every moment that the "Lost Chord" would float from those three mouths of brass, but we were spared that dear old air, which is now being "ground" from every corner and "flooding the crimson twilight" with more than an inimitable calm. Then comes the lady of the "whole show," little Miss Annie Abbott, the Georgia Magnet, who, clad in a fetching pink gown, defies strong men to raise her fairy form from the stage. The Toronto men, to their confusion be it said, are very slow to comply with the persuasively worded request that they shall form a committee from the audience to test the magnetic strength of the little lady from Georgia. Woman's coaxing prevails, however, and the rest of the audience thoroughly enjoy the spectacle of ten stalwart citizens attempting to lift one little woman who is exerting her feminine magnetism against them. They try in vain to push a lightly-grasped pole from her hands, to snatch away a chair, or to push little Miss Annie against the wall, though some of the muscular youths become red in the face in their determined efforts. It is noticeable that the elderly gentlemen refuse to make the experiment, the pleasing task being undertaken by gentlemen who are yet to be numbered with the boys. The experiments are extremely interesting and no one is wise enough to explain satisfactorily the strength of the Georgia Magnet. The performance, which threatens at times to become ludicrous and embarrassing, is rescued by Miss Abbott's graceful unconcern from becoming an awkward situation for either the strong lady or the members of the brute force committee. The kinetograph presents four numbers, the last of which, "The Smugglers," is a fine bit of realism, a whole story being told on the canvas, such a yarn as you read in the "Boys' Own Paper" in the days when a smuggler's cave was only a degree less enchanting than the bandit's retreat.

"Human Hearts" at the Majestic is the real thing. There are more weeps and prayers to the square inch than a computing machine could register in a week—and that is what packs the house.

A country blacksmith marries a woman with a few pasts that she doesn't really need—old lover turns up—dark night—murderous "dagger"—"dagger" wrong man killed—hero's father—hero pinched—"dagger" found in his clothes—life sentence—close shave—wide stripes. But—!

A tramp was hanging around the house the night the murder was committed. For a long time he holds his secret, "afraid to squeal"—then he catches the heroic spirit—and hands out "the true story of a b-lighted life."

Things take on a swift pace. Blind mother and idiot brother of hero work Governor for pardon. Governor can't stand the combination—mops up a few buckets of their tears and floats the blacksmith out.

Sneak music—"villain" reviled in his palace—entertaining hero's naughty wife—smokes five-cent straight as if they were common two-fers. Hero bobs up—shoots detective slides in—guns and lead—"villain" bad shot—misses hero—fills lady friend with lead—curtain drops just in time to save audience from a watery grave.

Altogether, "Human Hearts" is a great show—and shouldn't be missed by anyone looking for trouble in wholesale shipments. Weeps will be weeped regularly for the rest of the week.

That dreary mixture of horse trades and Yankee dialect known as "David Harum" the dramatization of Westcott's novel, is supplying roast chestnuts at the Grand Opera House this week. Mary Blake and her lover are quite as dull on the stage as in the novel, which is saying much for their boring capacity. Mr. William H. Turner, who does David, is the proper blend of philanthropist and "cute" horse dealer to make the character lifelike. Taking it altogether, the performance is unexciting and harmless—and the chairs at the Grand Opera House are comfortable spots to dream a while away.

Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett, who has the supreme felicity of doing dramatic stunts for a Chicago journal, writing of the

First Automobile Run of the Season.



Party Starting from Queen's Park for Oshawa, Saturday, May 7th.

performance of "Why Girls Leave Home" in a theater of the fourth class, remarks: "The vigorous and frequent 'damn' seemed to be an unfailing expedient for creating mirth. Whenever one of the men swore the audience in all its parts—from the children to the old women—laughed hilariously—a strange manifestation which the writer has seen exactly duplicated in the course of many a performance at a fashionable theater."

It is a matter of surprise to many that the simple little monosyllable "damn" contains such mirthful possibilities. He is a poor actor, indeed, who cannot create laughter by using this word of four letters, which really is a pure classic meaning nothing more indecorous than "condemned." Wherein does its virtue or vigor consist? Other words may be used with emphasis in a series of "confound," "blame," "hang"—but they all flat and impotent before the eloquence and humor of just one "damn."

In the May "Cosmopolitan" Miss Grace Isabel Colburn has this to say concerning the German actress:

"There is no doubt that one can find a far greater number of striking personalities of greater artistic stature among the men of the German stage than among the women. A history of the great names and real talents of the German stage would give woman but a second place. The German woman, as a rule, lacks a definite individuality and that magnetism which raises one above the mass. She lacks initiative, and even in the interpretative artist initiative is an important thing. But her good qualities, her submission to discipline and tradition, her power to learn patiently and thoroughly and to do as she is told, make of her, with the excellent training that the German theatrical system gives her, an efficient, reliable actress. She can learn, and does learn, to become the willing, submissive instrument of interpretation of the thought of a great poet. This is considerable of itself, and in Germany, at least, there are many who think this the highest artistic power that a woman should or can reach."

The Paris correspondent of the London "Daily Mail" has the following to say in regard to Signora Duse:

"Signora Duse, the great Italian tragedienne, has arrived in Paris to consult the best French physicians with regard to an attack of influenza which affected her lungs, and from which she has never quite recovered. She lives in complete retirement, seeing no one, avoiding all fatigue, and doing her best not to think of things theatrical. She refuses to speak of anything concerning the stage, and so anxious is she to divert her thoughts from her profession that when she goes out she will not pass before a theater if she can help it. If the theater has brought her her greatest triumphs, it has likewise been the cause of much sadness to her, and she has recently fallen into a profound melancholy. Her friends are few in number, and she refuses all opportunities of making new acquaintances. She constantly keeps near her a statuette of Prosperpine. The Pagan deity has a peculiar fascination for Signora Duse, who has invested her with a mystic charm, and believes she has discovered in her points of resemblance to herself."

Sport

THE bon camaraderie of those who trifle with what John Henry calls "kerosene karavans" and "benzoin bugs" is a feature of the sport. This condition of the game was well illustrated during Saturday's run of the Toronto Automobile Club to Oshawa.

There were many accidents and stoppages, but every time there was a breakdown those who came along afterward stopped to help or sympathize, no matter how eager they were to pick up some rival on ahead. Of course there was an exception to the rule—a chap so anxious to get there first that he disregarded all club traditions and pressed on unheeding to the goal. He got there, too, among the first, but the day of retribution is at hand. He will meet with an accident ten miles from nowhere some day, and those he neglected will teach him a lesson by leaving him to struggle unaided with his difficulties.

There were many enjoyable situations on the journey, but to those who witnessed it the difficulty of Mr. H. C. McLeod, general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, on the return journey, produced the most quiet mirth. Probably Mr. McLeod does not see the joke, but his friends do. Mr. McLeod owns a big Peerless machine, a 24-horsepower four-cylinder car of the very best pattern. It is one of the finest in the city and is, among automobiles, what Mr. McLeod's grand cutter "Gloria" is among the yachts of Lake Ontario.

Now Mr. McLeod is a yachtsman, not a chauffeur. On board a yacht he is resourceful and confident, but when he clambers aboard the Peerless the guiding wheel is not as familiar to him as "Gloria's" steering apparatus.

Coming home from Oshawa the Peerless broke down about twelve miles out of Toronto. When aid arrived Mr. McLeod, who was clad in a long yellow oilskin coat that felt more familiar to his shoulders than a motorist's leather garment, was pacing around his machine completely puzzled. "Gloria" in midlake with half her duds blown to ribbons and her running rigging in a snarl aloft would have been an easy problem to Mr. McLeod as compared to this situation. He could have improvised enough muslin to bring "Gloria" back to port—but here he was completely befogged. He was undecided whether the centerboard was jammed or the triatic stay had a half-hitch on the garboard strake. At any rate the Peerless was anchored and refused to move. He had fed her water and kerosene and machine oil and tightened up everything in sight, but still she refused to budge.

He hadn't a word to say when an expert put the machine in running order in two minutes, but silently mounted his seat and fell into line. This automobile game is not, as popular conception has it, one of money. That is, the man with the more costly machine does not always win. It takes brains, of good keen variety at that, and pluck of A1 quality to be a successful "billy" driver. The engines have to be nursed and the road studied every foot of the way. Sheer grit and utter recklessness will not do. That combination soon comes to grief.

The conduct of the majority of members of the Toronto

Club is having its effect upon the farmers. A couple of years ago the farmers made a dead set against the automobilists because their horses became frightened at the chug-chugging of the cars, the swift dart by, and the pall of dust.

The sober-minded members of the club have by their consideration partially won the respect and better feeling of the farmers. These thoughtful men slow up when passing a skittish horse and even stop and lead a fractious animal by the object of its fright.

On the other hand, the farmers have recognized that the auto has come to stay, and are endeavoring to accustom their horses to the machines by pulling up beside them when they find them stopped.

There are, however, among both motorists and horse drivers a few smart Ales who endanger the growing peaceable relations of the general body of automobile owners and farmers. These fresh automobilists dash at full speed by vehicles regardless of consequence, while on the other hand obstinate young farmers or hired hands out driving refuse to give an auto half the road, or turn short in front to make the machine pull up with the emergency brakes.

An obstinate mail driver down Highland Creek received well-merited punishment from a Toronto motorist not long ago. He refused to let the auto by on several occasions, but one day the automobile man caught him abroad with a skittish horse, and disregarding the warning signal of an unraised hand rushed by at full speed with the muffler open, the machine making as much noise as a machine-gun in action. The frightened horse took to the high bank and pawed holes in the neighboring atmosphere, while the mail driver clung desperately to his head stall. The next time the motorist caught the mail man he repeated the dose and then asked him if he would give way on the road the next time he was overtaken.

This talk of a Hamilton challenge for "Canada's" Cup is premature. There is nothing in the plan and will be nothing in any such plans until early fall. Yachtsmen will not worry about that challenge at least until half the sailing season is over, and even then that the R.C.Y.C. will have the preference in any event.

CORINTHIAN.



The Family Tree—"Life."

The Fares of Long Ago.

O quaint old cabs they used to know,
These crowded streets I tread to-day:
Where are the fares of long ago?

In phantom line I see them flow,
Barouche and landau, brougham and shay:
O quaint old cabs they used to know!

I see them pass with motion slow,
To long-forgotten dance and play:
Where are the fares of long ago?

Poor ghosts, in flounce and furbelow,
Be-roofed and young and ribboned gay:
O quaint old cabs they used to know!

With sigh and laughter, belle and beau
Drift past and melt into the gray:
Where are the fares of long ago?

Sad lips that smile, and eyes that glow,
All, all were turned long since to clay!
O quaint old cabs they used to know,
Where are the fares of long ago?

—Arthur Stringer in the "London Magazine."

"I had no idea old Graspit was a philanthropist until I saw him circulating a petition yesterday for the purpose of raising money to enable a poor widow to pay her rent."

"Oh, Graspit's all right! He owns the house the poor widow lives in."—Chicago "Daily News."

Society at the Capital.

TWO dances given during the past week were greatly welcomed by the younger members of Ottawa's "four hundred," as, though there has been a plethora of teas and other festivities of a more quiet nature, dances have been of rarer occurrence this year than is usual at the Capital. The first of these jolly little entertainments was given by the members of the Ottawa Rowing Club in honor of Miss Silo, of New York, who has been Mrs. Toller's very popular visitor for some weeks. The evening was particularly warm and summerlike, which made the verandas thoroughly enjoyable for sitting out and many of the young people enjoyed a quiet row on the water during the evening. The chaperones were Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, Mrs. G. Patterson Murphy, Mrs. J. W. Woods, and Mrs. (Colonel) Turner. Miss Silo returned to her home in New York on Thursday.

Mrs. John Gilmour invited a party of young people, numbering in all thirty-five, to accompany her on Thursday evening to Aylmer, where they were pleasantly entertained by this popular hostess, first at a dinner at Satchell's Hotel, and afterwards at a jolly little dance, going and returning to town by tram. This novel little function was arranged in honor of Miss Dainty of Cobourg, who has been staying with Mrs. Harriss at "Earncliffe" for a couple of weeks, and who returned to Cobourg on Saturday. Mrs. Harriss left for Cincinnati on the same date to attend the musical festival, at which Miss Muriel Foster will be one of the soloists.

Luncheons and dinners, although not as plentiful as during the previous week, have been holding their own of late. The usual Tuesday and Wednesday sessional dinners came off at Government House and at the first those honored were Major-General the Earl of Dundonald, Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, Sir William and Lady Mulock, Hon. James Sutherland, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Casgrain, Mr. Monk, M.P., and Mrs. Monk, Mr. Calvert, M.P., and Miss Calvert, Mr. Armstrong, M.P., and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. Guthrie, M.P., and Mrs. Guthrie, Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. Earle, M.P., Mrs. Cheney, Canon, Mrs. and Miss Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. Decelles, Miss Boulton, Miss Cochrane, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Sims, Miss Smith, Mr. F. A. Dixon, Captain Thacker, Mr. John Christie, Captain Bell, Mr. Arthur Guise and Captain Graham, while those invited to partake of His Excellency's hospitality on Wednesday evening included the following: Hon. Mr. and the Misses Emmerson, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Sir Adolphe, Lady and Miss Caron, Hon. Mr. and Miss Baird, Hon. H. and Mrs. Montclair, Mr. T. C. Casgrain, M.P., and Madame Casgrain, Colonel Hughes, M.P., and Miss Hughes, Archdeacon and Miss Bogart, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Ross, Lieutenant-Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Gourdeau, Mr. Bickerdike, M.P., and Miss Bickerdike, Mr. Geoffroy, M.P., Mrs. and Miss Geoffroy, Mr. and Mrs. Laverne, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh, Miss Dainty of Cobourg, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Cotton, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Pugaley, Major Maude and others. On Thursday evening covers were laid for forty guests when the Speaker of the Commons and Madame Belcourt again entertained in the Speaker's Chambers at one of their notably enjoyable dinners. The decorations were artistically carried out in pink, quantities of carnations and roses being used in cut-glass bowls, which in combination with ferns, pink ribbons and shades formed a picture of daintiness. During dinner, soft strains of music proceeded from an orchestra which was stationed in the hall upstairs.

The week's luncheons, although few, were particularly bright and enjoyable. The first came off on Wednesday, when Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar was the hostess and entertained twelve married ladies at one of her dainty little mid-day parties. Mrs. H. Allan Bate also limited her invitations to her married lady friends on Thursday. Mrs. Gerald Bate followed with another of these sociable functions on Friday, when eight guests were bidden to a dainty little repast. One of the largest and smartest teas of the season was that given by Mrs. F. Cockburn Clewom on Friday, when the "guest d'honneur" was Mrs. Harry Ward of Port Hope, who arrived in town on Tuesday to spend the season's end with Mrs. Clewom. The latter wore a handsome black lace gown, with touches of yellow, and Mrs. Ward was in pale grey crepe with point lace trimmings.

The invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Freda Montzambert, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Montzambert, and Mr. Reginald Beckett of the firm of Dobell, Beckett & Co., and grandson of the late Sir David Macpherson of Chestnut Park, Toronto. The wedding will be solemnized at Christ Church Cathedral on Wednesday, June 1st, at two o'clock. Mr. Cuthbert Beckett of England and Mr. Douglas Beckett of Galveston, Texas, brothers of the prospective bridegroom, are expected in Ottawa for the ceremony. Several more Ottawans will occupy leading positions in matrimonial events which will take place shortly. The marriage of Mr. Norman Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Macleod Stewart, and Miss Jean Macdonald of Minneapolis, will take place in the latter city on June 1st, and on June 22nd another ceremony of like nature will be solemnized, when Mr. Edward R. Rowan-Logge, manager of the Bank of Ottawa at Matawa, and Miss Anna Stewart, daughter of Mr. Alexander Stewart, Balmoral Lodge, Chelsea road, will be the principals.

The many friends of Captain Kemmis-Batty, who spent some time in Ottawa last fall and who is now in England, will be interested to hear the announcement of his engagement to Miss Marjorie Worsley, a charming English girl and niece of Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley, who at one time was in command at Halifax, N.S.

Hon. Mr. Nosse, Consul-General for Japan, with his private secretary, Mr. Hombu, arrived in Ottawa a few days ago and has taken Major Maunsell's house in Bessier street for a month, at the end of which time he will move into Mr. McCullough's handsome residence in Laurier avenue, which he has leased for a term of years, and which is to be beautified in true Japanese style, including the addition of a tea-house to be erected on the spacious lawn. Mrs. Nosse, with her three young daughters, is expected to arrive from Japan some time in June.

Mr. Cameron McCullough of Winnipeg is in town, spending a holiday with his parents, and on his return to Winnipeg will be accompanied by his sister, Miss Madge McCullough, who will pay her sister, Mrs. Samuel Clarke of Winnipeg, an extended visit.

Lady Laurier has been in New York with a party this week, and while there they were entertained at a box party in Madison Square at the grand military parade, by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick of Toronto, during which the 48th Highlanders gave the distinguished party an ovation. The party returned on Sunday to Ottawa.

Ottawa, May 9th, 1904.

THE CHAPERONE.

The Way Things Grow.

What I Observed.

Young Jack Smith met Mrs. Willie Jones, apparently by accident, in King street; the two stopped and chatted a few minutes; walked half a block together; the lady hailed a car with her parasol, and, presumably, went home.

What Mrs. Wizen Told Her Husband.
It's simply shameful the way that silly little Mrs. Willie Jones cuts up with Jack Smith—and so publicly! This afternoon the two were together again, promenading up and down King street for over half an hour—laughing and attracting attention in the most brazen manner. I think it's just awful. And when she left him—waved her parasol till everyone turned and stared. I think someone should tell Willie. It's only fair that he should know what's going on.

What Wizen Told Nosey at the Club.

Don't see much of Billy Jones these days, eh? Guess the poor little beggar has his hands full with that wife of his. She and Jack Smith going a pretty swift pace. Meet regularly, I understand. Someone telling me only yesterday that she was seen with him in King street with more on board than she really needed. Yes—a fact—straight. (Whispers, slaps his friend on the shoulder and chuckles.) Poked him in the ribs with her parasol and created quite a scene as he was putting her on a car. Mighty pretty girl, though. Don't know what she sees in Smith. Oh, yes! It's no secret—but don't let on that I told you.

What Nosey Tells His Friends.

Hear Billy Jones is thinking of bringing an action against Jack Smith. Oh! haven't you heard? Thought everyone knew the way she and Jack have been going on. There's talk of an attempted elopement. Someone put Billy on to the game. Caught them just as they were starting off. Ran across them in King street, heading for the station, after bowling up pretty well. Drinks! Well, I should say she does! Oh, yes! Quite a scene. Refused to return home. Hit Billy over the head with her parasol. Fact. Talking to a fellow who saw the whole thing. Jack! Oh, he saw the game was up, so he caved in and helped Billy get her on a car. Haven't seen him for a day or so. May have left town. Best thing he could do under the circumstances.

OBSERVER.

Intimate Interviews.

IN THE UP-TO-DATE MANNER.

I HAD no little difficulty in gaining admission to his house, but once the unsecured window was located, my interview with Mr. J. Ward Stuffer became a matter of comparative ease. I found the well-known politician in the kitchen in company with a friend.

"The Morning Bracer," I said, by way of introduction.

"What the d—," he began.

"Exactly. You have been summoned in connection with certain illegal practices at the last municipal election. You are to appear in court to-morrow morning. My paper has sent me to—"

"Get out, you blankety blank blank, or I'll—"

"Yes, yes, yes, quite so. In the first place, though, I may say that we have the story down pat. The whole thing is in cold type on the stone at the present minute. In three hours we go to press. But in view of your past record we have thought it only fair to give you an opportunity to make public your side of the case before you run up against a judge and jury prejudiced by the unfair comments of our contemporaries."

"Humph!"

"That is better. I am glad to see you appreciate the trouble we have gone to in the interests of fair play. But let us get down to business. There were six hundred and twenty-four names on the voters' list in your sub-division; seventy-three actually voted—while ninety-seven were personated or relieved in other ways of the labor of marking their ballots. Now for the facts. Doctor Styker, the successful candidate, is your most intimate friend. Yes, Ah! so this is the Doctor? Glad to know you, Doc. Well, you got there, anyway. We all know how these little things are done. Politics is no nursery game. Pretty smooth piece of work. Too bad they got you. Better luck next time. What's that? Here, look out what you're throwing! I want you to understand that I'm a representative of the press of this city—and I'll not stand any abuse—no, not a little bit. . . . Well, why don't you cough up without hedging? All I want is a story. Of course, if you fellows think it will do you any good to keep mum, it's your own funeral when our paper, which has always stood by you, turns you down good and hard."

They went behind the stove and argued it out by themselves. Of course, I'm not at liberty to divulge their private conversation—they spoke so low.

"Yes, that's better," I assured them, when they got their yarn into shape. "Sick wife. 'Consumption.' 'Under doctor's treatment constantly.' 'Calls every day.' 'Six small children.' 'Forty years of honest citizenship.' 'D.R.O. in six successive elections.' 'First recount of your ballots during whole experience.' 'Never accused of crookedness before.' 'Charge entirely without foundation.' 'Partizan spite.' 'Desire fullest investigation.' 'Health greatly impaired since charge laid.' 'Heart in dangerous condition.' 'Degeneration of the valves.' 'By the way, old man, is that your dope on the table?' I interrupted for a moment. 'Wouldn't mind a horn. Thanks. My heart is a little out, too. . . . Not bad stuff. Prefer Canadian myself, but Scotch does in a pinch."

He seemed a little nervous—rather hopeful that I would go. "I think that's all," he said, and unlocked the door.

I hastened to undress him.

"All! Why, my dear fellow, I've only started. Election affair is the smallest part of it. What is your regular occupation? Who was your father? Mother of same name? When born? Ever go to school? Religion? Regular church-goer? Oh! 'took up collection,' eh? Plates ever disappear? Hold on there! No offence—very ordinary question. It is sometimes rather embarrassing to have to ask for information of such a private nature, but you, being a man of the world, understand—you know—democratic country—no Star Chamber business—great public demands facts—newspaper's business to supply them—most private affairs have greatest influence with the people—put them next—arouse sympathy—you're one of themselves—no better, no worse—one touch of nature, you know."

That line of talk landed him. He unreeled his answers before I was fairly ready for them.

"What is the rent of this house?" I asked. "Is it paid? Who pays it? Do you own any fast horses? Play the races? Dabble in stocks? Are you familiar with The Ward? Have you ever attended a colored church? What is your favorite beverage? Do you pay for it yourself? Is it so that one of your children is weak-minded? Have you any other domestic trouble? Pardon me, but isn't your wife just—well, you know what I mean—just a little bit swifty?"

He pretty nearly hit me when I asked him that, but I let his rudeness and the poker pass.

"All right," I warned him, "if a statement to that effect gets into the paper, without contradiction, you can't say I didn't give you an opportunity to set the matter right before the public. Oh, yes, that will be quite satisfactory. I shall state that there is no truth in the report that Mrs. Stuffer has driven her husband to drink and desperation—that Mrs. Stuffer's health prevents conduct on her part such as has been attributed to her. Well, now, I don't see anything objectionable in that, even if she has never been slandered. Such a statement will be a good precaution against any such scandal being started, anyway. 'Keep it out altogether!' Why, my dear fellow, I can't possibly do that. It is a matter of public interest—and, besides, I have your own word for it that her conduct is beyond suspicion."

His remarks would have made great copy for the "Police Gazette," but our editor used to be a preacher, and he doesn't believe in verbatim reports of unconventional dialogue. I wasted quite a little time in dodging things, but in the end I got a hearing for my final request.

"I'll forgive you," I said, "on one condition. You have abused me shamefully—treated me as if I were a spy or a mere busybody—when I have gone to all this trouble and annoyance for the sole purpose of placing you, your relations and affairs in a proper light before the public. Yet, I repeat, I will forgive you—but on one condition only. I must see your wife; she must weep and tell me of selling the only yard-and-a-half of rag carpet in the house to buy coal, while you were out of the city, dodging your summons—or something else that will make an equally impressive story."

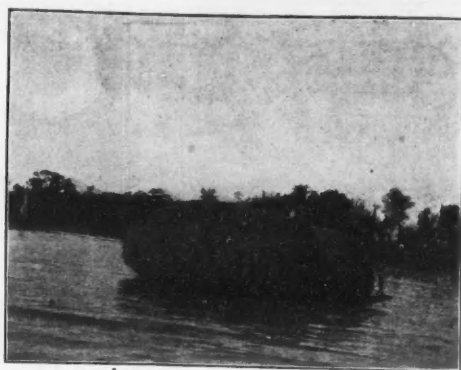
He smiled, but he didn't look pleasant as he rose slowly and moved toward the door. "I hope you don't get wet," he said, "but it's raining out."

I am not quite sure even yet how the thing was done; but half an hour later I disentangled myself from the branches of an apple tree and moved uncomfortably toward the street. It was rather late when I struck the office, and I had to get another fellow to write out my copy for me—three ligaments had become displaced in my right wrist—but it was a great stroke—one of the best examples of really modern journalism that this city has yet given to the public. JACQUES.

The Counsel of a Countess.

SURELY if any woman may be entrusted with the secret of feminine charm it is a Frenchwoman—and a countess, at that. In a delightful small book, entitled "The Woman's Breviary," a brilliant Parisienne, "Mme. la Comtesse de Tramar," discusses the various ways by which artful woman may not only attract but retain the regard of man. Just a few of the potent qualities in a wife are intelligent love, feminine knack, good taste, grace, cheerfulness, illusions, diplomacy, aloofness, modesty, cruelty, and studied attractiveness. This is a list somewhat alarming to the modern woman of our Western world, who is more than likely to throw up her hands in horror at such a catalogue and relapse into the author's own tongue, "le jeu n'est pas vant la chandelle."

A California journalist, commenting upon the views of the Frenchwoman, is amused by her horror at the idea of comradeship, as understood in England and America, between man and woman. "It is profoundly sad," she remarks; "woman wishes to be a man's comrade, and thus does cruel hurt to both love and chivalry. She uselessly and stupidly casts aside the poetry that surrounds her personality." List to that lamentation, ye maidens who tarry long at the links and go a-yachting in costumes of a masculine jauntiness. The poetry of woman's personality is altogether missed by the youth who has gone to school with his sister and his sister's friends and has learned to regard feminine companionship as something quite ordinary enough for human nature's daily food—that tiresome Wordsworth expression which always reminds one of whole wheat bread or shredded biscuit—any wholesome but unexciting diet. Verily, I believe the Countess is right. There is more wickedness in the frou-frou of a cascade of white



Straw Boats on the Hugli.

A Bit of India.

For those who think of the Ganges and the Hugli only as the pink-covered missionary books of childhood showed them—streams into which small dark infants were daily being dropped by way of sacrifice—these photographs of scenes of real life on an Indian river may be of interest. The straw-

boats on the Hugli move up and down the river with the tide, are very unweirdly and look like the ghosts of hay-ricks moving about. Water-buffalo will stay in a tank (artificial lake) for hours on a hot day without moving, with just their heads above water. On the other side of the tank is part of a native village with a couple of European houses in the distance.



Water Buffalo.

floances than in all the sobriety of a regiment of walking-skirts.

But the Countess makes one startling declaration for which her sisterhood will hardly forgive her. "One instinctively believes," she remarks, "that man runs after woman, but it is nevertheless true that in spite of the reserve imposed upon womankind by civilization it is in reality woman who runs after man." A restraint should assuredly be placed upon the pen of a woman who will talk out of school in this brazenly frank fashion and admit things that are enough to make our great-grandmothers turn in their narrow cells. This is a libel on the fair sex, uttered in a moment of temporary mendacity by one who must have forgotten that the better part of valor is not to own up. The most cheerfully matter-of-fact woman whom this continent of comradeship has produced would blush on reading such a confession as this Countess of the ingenious town of Paris has penned without a quiver. Such a diplomatic blunder has not been known since the balmy summer day some aeons ago, when Eve looked shyly up at Adam from beneath the friendly shade of the apple-tree and softly asked, "Do you want a bite?" THEKLA.

In Memory of an Investigation.

Grave city fathers worked of old
That game—the well-plugged ballot-box—
Through whose unholy aid we hold
Power through the cunning of the fox.
Good voters, pray be with us yet—
Haste to forget! Haste to forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The counsel and the judge depart;
Some have been have been a sacrifice
And others suffered quite a start.
Good voters, pray be with us yet—
Haste to forget! Haste to forget!

At last the judge has gone his way,
And though some few may feel the fire,
Lo! the great dread of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.
Be kind, O judge, and spare us yet—
Haste to forget! Haste to forget!

If, drunk with municipal power,
We gave no thought unto the law,
But did improve the shining hour,
Close shaves may breed a proper awe.
Good voters, pray be with us yet—
Haste to forget! Haste to forget!

For earnest hearts that put their trust
In canvassing with printed words—
Though valiant, they are bound to bust—
That is no way to "do" a ward.
For fractured oath and broken word,
Thy mercy on thy chosen horde.
JAMES P. HAVERSON.

Salting Down Babies.

In certain localities in Europe and Asia the people still adhere to the exceedingly curious custom of salting new-born babies, notwithstanding its cruelty and danger. The method varies with the differing nationalities of the people using it. The Armenians of Russia cover the entire skin of the infant with a very fine salt, taking great care that the salt reaches all the spaces between the fingers and toes, and the depressions in the body, such as the armpits and the hollows under the knees; for not a spot of the surface of the child must remain untouched by the salt. The salt is left on the baby for three hours or more, and then washed off with warm water.

A mountain tribe of Asia Minor is even more merciless than the Armenians. They keep their new-born babies covered with salt for twenty-four hours. The modern Greeks sprinkle their babies with salt; and even in some parts of Germany salt is still used on a child at birth, but in a much more humane manner, by rubbing a little behind the ears, or by placing a pinch of salt on the tongue, or by filling a little



SHIFTING THE BURDEN.

Manager Hays (to shipper)—It's up to you.

Real Conversations.

I.—At Stratford-upon-Avon.

American Visitor—A great man, sir! A wonderful man!
Resident—You're right.
American Visitor—A marvelous man, sir! And nowhere better appreciated than in the United States of America.
Resident—So I believe.

American Visitor—That's right. I might even go so far as to say that the colossal genius of Shakespeare is more highly prized in the States than in any other portion of the universe.

Resident—Well, I don't know that. I quite—
American Visitor—But I do, sir, and I speak as a citizen who was fed up—that is to say, who was brought up on the works of the great poet whose shrine I am here to honor! You will hardly believe it, but—

Resident—I am bound to say—
American Visitor—Pardon me, sir! One moment. I was about to observe that at the age of eleven I could repeat the whole of the first act of "Hamlet" from memory, including stage directions.

Resident—Indeed! You must have—
American Visitor—That's true, sir! We consider that your great Shakespeare is an educational factor. We Americans do not regard those great tragedies, those divine comedies, as mere entertainments. No, sir! We—

Resident—Well, but—
American Visitor—You must excuse me if I speak plainly. We encourage plain speaking, sir, on our side of the water, and so I venture to repeat—

Resident—As a matter of fact—
American Visitor—I venture to repeat that for a real good appreciation of the genius of Shakespeare you must go to the United States of America every time. What'll you take to drink?

Resident—Nothing, thank you. I should just like to say—

American Visitor—I know, sir. I fully understand. But, in the very nature of things, it would be impossible for you to judge the matter from an unbiased standpoint. Now, to a man hailing, as I do, from—

Resident—I don't think—
American Visitor—I admit it. That's the first good point you've made during the course of this argument. I'd like to shake hands with you on that. (They shake hands.)

Resident—Good-by.
American Visitor—I trust we shall meet again, sir. In the meantime, would you kindly direct me to the residence of Miss Marie Corelli?

II.—In a Hansom.

He—Would you like the window down?
She—It isn't raining much, is it?

He—Not very much.
She—Oh, let's keep it up, then. It gets so stuffy with it down, don't you think so?

He—Beastly! (A pause.)
She—I wonder—

(speaking together)
He—Did you notice—? I beg your pardon.

She—What were you going to say?
He—Oh, nothing much. What were you?

She—I was only going to say, I wonder whether Vi really cares for Jack Bartlett?

He—I don't know. She looked as if she did.

She—Yes, but then Vi has a way of looking as if she cared for men.

He—She's a flirt, you mean?

She—Well, I suppose I do, really. It sounds rather a horrid thing to say, but Vi— There's something so unsatisfactory about her. Don't you know what I mean?

He—Sort of promises with her eyes and refuses with her lips.

She—Exactly. That's rather neat, by the way. (A pause.)

He—I'm glad you don't like that sort of thing.

She—Of course I don't. (A pause.)

He—I can't imagine you—

She—It's very kind of you to say so.

He—Well, I mean it. (A pause.)

She—I'm afraid this poor gee has been out some time.

He—Sorry you're bored.

She—I didn't mean that, exactly. I always pity these poor cab-horses.

He—Wish I was a cab-horse.

She—Do you? How funny you'd look, running along between the shafts.

He—Glad you find it amusing.

She—I say, you're not going to be like Vi, are you?

He—What do you mean?

She—Well, you promised with your eyes, you know. (The cab stops.)

He—I don't understand you. Will you help me out, please?

III.—In a Country Churchyard.

Stranger—You've a fine old church here, I see.

Sexton—Ah, it might be worse.

Stranger—Does it date back very far?

Sexton—I dunno about that, but there's some rare drafts and such-like ter catch anybody's legs.

Stranger—Oh, it's drafty, is it?

Sexton—You wouldn't need ter ask that if yer sat in my seat of a Sunday.

Stranger—I daresay not.

Sexton—Eh?

Stranger—I said, "I daresay not."

Sexton—No, that you wouldn't. (A pause.)

Stranger—That looks to me like a Norman arch—that west doorway.

Sexton—Maybe. Some say one thing an' some say another. It don't trouble me.

Stranger—You don't take much interest in architecture, eh?

Sexton—I've a deal too much ter do ter worry about such nonsense as that. Them as built it, built it; and them as didn't build it, didn't build it. That's what I allus say.

Stranger—You don't commit yourself.

Sexton—Eh?

Stranger—I say you don't commit yourself to any definite opinion.

Sexton—Ah, them as built it, built it. And it wasn't built in your time, nor yet in mine.

Stranger—You're right there. (A pause.) That's a very handsome monument, that marble one.

Sexton—Ah; they all notice that.

Stranger—In memory of some distinguished person, I suppose?

Sexton—I dunno about that. It was just a lady that lived in the village, and 'er son 'ad that put up about a year arter she was buried.

Stranger—Was she very rich?

Sexton—Fairish. Not ser much as you might think from that there tombstone.

Stranger—Her son must have been very fond of her.

Sexton—So some think. Meself, I've got my own opinion about it.

Stranger—May one ask what your opinion is?

Sexton—Oh, there's no secret about that. I think as 'e put it up to 'is own honor and glory. 'Ave yer finished lookin' at the church?—Keble Howard.

He Mixed the Proverbs.

The other night at a dinner Martin W. Littleton, President of the Borough of Brooklyn, told this story:

"On a cabbage patch owned by a negro in a Southern community oil was found. Speculators offered the negro \$20,000, which he accepted without waiting to consider another proposition, said to be \$40,000.

"How's this about your cabbage patch?" said Mr. Littleton to the negro. "I understand you have sold it for \$20,000."

"Yass, that's true, boss," replied the negro. "Yo' see, men come pickin' round my place an' dey say dar's oil heah. Dey say, 'Ve gib yo' twenty thousan' dollahs.' I say, 'All right.'"

"I am told if you had waited a day or two you might have sold it for \$40,000."

"Yass, massa, dat mebbe so; but a bird in th' han's th' nobles' wuk of God."

An earnest man said to have descended from a man who once wore a gorgeous "coat of many colors" in Egypt, had rented a house and was about to sign the lease, when the real estate agent remarked:

"Of course you understand that there is no bath-room in the house."

"Dot makes me no difference," was the reply. "Ve only wants it for von year."

A Dispensation of Providence.

HERE was a buzz of excitement in the porch outside the Drill Hall.

"Not the Mortimer Leslie?" asked a girl.

"Yes; isn't it ripping of him?" said a tall youth, tugging at his embryo moustache.

"Oh, but I'm frightened," said another girl. "It was bad enough to think of rehearsing before any professional, but Mortimer Leslie! I shall die of terror."

"It's jolly good of him," commented the treasurer of the Langside Amateur Dramatic Club. "A professional would have cost us no end, and, of course, Leslie doesn't want a fee. He's rather friendly with Paterson, and as he's spending a week-end there he offered to come and give us some hints to-night."

"How do you feel, Miss Forrest?" asked the girl who had said she was frightened.

Everyone looked curiously at the girl addressed, who had been standing very quietly in the background. She was a comparative stranger to most of them, on a long visit, for her health's sake, to a friend in the neighborhood. The girl who had originally been cast for the leading lady's part in "A Look and a Leap" had just had an accident in the hunting field, and Miss Forrest, enthusiastically recommended by her friend, had been asked to fill her place.

"I?" she said, smiling faintly. "Oh, I'm—trying not to be frightened."

The stage manager, excited and a little irritable, flung open the door suddenly.

"Come in! Come in!" he urged. "Leslie's not going to eat you."

Thus encouraged, the party flocked into the room, Kate Forrest dropping behind, and entering last.

"Mr. Leslie—Miss Forrest."

She looked up serenely, and met his startled eager eyes. Bowing slightly, she passed on, and joined the group round the fire.

A crowd of bitter-sweet memories rushed upon him—and upon her. The quaint village in Brittany where they had met nine months ago; the long, hot days on the beach; the acquaintance, ripening fast—so dangerously fast—into friendship, and something more; and then the sudden, sharp ending of it all, the foolish, unnecessary quarrel.

"First act, please." It was his voice, and the murmur of conversation ceased suddenly.

He explained, altered, corrected vigorously for half an hour, and then came her cue.

"Let yourself go a little more, please," he requested, after her first few lines.

She flushed and hesitated.

"Don't wait. Cue again, please."

She smiled suddenly, and did his bidding.

"No, that's not quite right yet," he interrupted. "Did you," he asked suddenly, "see Margaret Ellison in the part when this was in town?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"Then—can't you remember?—I didn't see her myself, but you must be able to remember a little how she took the part?"

She considered. "Yes, I think I do, but—" She stopped.

"Very well, then," he said, briskly, ignoring her unfinished sentence. "Once more, please. And you, Mr. Kelly—the self-conscious juvenile lead started—"

"Much slower, please, and try not to talk about love in the tone you would use for discussing the weather."

The young man looked offended.

"If you could forgive—" he repeated, sulkily, and striving after the desired intensity.

The great actor strode across the floor.

"No, no; that won't do at all. Allow me."

He waved the self-conscious young man aside, and motioned to him to watch.

Then suddenly he realized what he was going to do. The words that he had to say to her—as an actor—were the words he had longed for nine months to say to her—as a man. If he said them—as a man—would she understand?

"If you could forgive—" he said, and his voice trembled with passionate entreaty.

"Jove! What an actor!" murmured the electrified stage manager.

"If I could forgive!" she breathed, with a world of tender reproach in her tone, and held out her hands to him. He grasped them in his strong, thin fingers.

The stage manager surreptitiously consulted his book, and finding what seemed to be an important oversight, scribbled, for his future guidance, the all-embracing word "business" in the margin.

Suddenly from the road outside came a rattle and roar. Heads turned with one consent.

"It's Johnson starting for the International," said an excited voice, and the speaker vanished through the door. There was a general rush in the same direction, and much talk and laughter.

"You see," he explained to Leslie from the doorway, "we all know him, and he's come round on his car this way. I expect, to say good-by. We'll only just give him a send-off, and be back in five minutes."

The door shut behind him, and they were alone, actually alone.

"Is it Providence?" said Leslie, softly.

"That depends," she answered, between laughter and tears, "on how we use it."

He came closer to her. "I want to use it in telling you I'm sorry."

Her lips quivered, but her eyes were smiling.

"So do I," she replied, "and so — I

think—it must be—Providence."

"You are looking ill," he said, suddenly.

She shook her head. "Oh, no, it's nothing. I've been working a little too much, and it was hard waiting for—"

"Me?" he suggested, vaingloriously.

"Providence," she said, demurely.

He laughed. "Did you say working too hard?" he added.

"Yes."

He looked surprised, and there was a pause.

"Dear," she said—and from her, with whom endearing terms were rare, the sound came like a caress—"you remember why we quarreled?"

He nodded.

"I was wrong; I ought to have explained; but I was afraid."

"Of losing you. Listen." She spoke hurriedly, glancing fearfully at the door. Would they give her time? "I had work to do—for about six months, of which you might not have approved, and I was afraid that if I lost you I should not do it well. That was cowardice," she smiled sadly. "And—and it was not even successful, since I lost you after all."

"Mislead me," he corrected. "I refuse to be lost."

She thanked him with her eyes, and went on. "But now the six months are over, and—and I will give up the work, if you want me to."

He protested. "Have I proved myself so narrow-minded?" he asked.

"Have I ever said I thought less of a woman because she worked?"

"You misunderstand," she said. "Do you remember telling me, very soon after we met, that you thought actors who married actresses were—fools?"

He looked vaguely uneasy. "I have a kind of hazy remembrance of it," he admitted.

"Then you know why I was afraid. I am an actress."

"Kate! You?" he cried, desperately.

"Oh, what an ass I've been. Tell me, what an ass I do? Give me a chance to make up. Tell me what you want to act, and let me use any influence I may have in getting it for you. Only tell me."

"Perhaps," she suggested, smiling, "I may not need to trouble you. You haven't asked, by the way, what name I act under."

"What is it?" To think that I've been coolly lecturing and correcting you, when, for all I know, you may be a second—a second—" he searched his mind for a celebrated name—"Margaret Ellison."

She came a step nearer, and her laughing eyes looked into his.

"Not a second one," she whispered.

"What?"

"I mean, I'm—I'm her," she explained ungrammatically. "Ah—you mustn't. They're coming back."

The outer door banged, and there was a sound of many approving feet.

"Kate—dear!" he implored.

"Well?"

He drew her back, for she was going to a decorous distance.

"Promise me one thing."

"Yes; quick! I promise."

"Make me a fool soon!"—Exchange.

After the Ball.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to—two ahead; lightly turns to—got him dead.

In the spring—another bagger! In the spring—they've knocked him out! In the spring the young man's fancy—O, just hear the bleachers shout!

In the spring—he must have got it! Croesus, what an awful roar! In the spring the young man's—wow, wow, wow! It's five to four.

In the spring—the crowd's a-howling! Lightly turns to—what a shame! In the spring—O, jam his fancy! I must go and watch the game.

—Woodstock "Sentinel-Review."

A Woman Freemason.

Lord Grenfell, when he goes to Ireland as successor to the Duke of Connaught, will doubtless visit the home of his ancestors, the St. Legers, at Doneraile Court, County Cork, which is now the residence of Lord Castle-town. But it is for ever remembered as the room in which the only feminine Freemason was initiated, in the person of Elizabeth St. Leger, the grandmother of Lord Doneraile, and the grandmother of the grandmother of Lord Grenfell.

The circumstances of the initiation were curious. Elizabeth St. Leger, a young and spirited girl, was curious as to the Masonic ceremonies carried on in the lodge held in a room in Doneraile Court. In the adjoining room some repairs were being effected, and Elizabeth had noticed only a single brick parted her eyes from the proceedings. She picked out the brick with her scissors, and saw something of the installation of a new member. But she lost her nerve, attempted to escape hurriedly, and was stopped by the guard at the door.

What to do with her was the problem, for she was under no obligation of secrecy as to what she had seen. It is said that her own brother proposed her immediate execution. But milder counsels prevailed. She was compelled to initiate as a Freemason, and until her death, in 1773, she took a vivid interest in the craft as the only female Mason on earth. The wonder is that none of the modern and monstrous legends of women has emulated her enterprise.

Winning His Spurs.

A youth of sprightly bearing entered the office of the city editor of a metropolitan paper and thus conversed:

"I beg your pardon," he said, "my name is Jackson" (which it wasn't), "and I am writing for my home paper, the 'Hustler,' of Hoosiersville, Indiana, the center of the literary maelstrom, a series of articles on the great city editors of this country."

The editor blushed and bowed—once upon a time he had written an article for a magazine.

"Anything I can do for you," he said, waving his hand in sign of absolute submission.

"Well," said the young man, with a reportorial rush, "I want to ask a few questions, as I want to make my story natural and lifelike—newspapery, you understand, rather than magazine. The 'Hustler' is a weekly—one dollar per year in advance—now is the time to subscribe. What would you call me when and where were you born and what were your parents' names?"

The editor supplied the needed information.

"Thanks," responded the interviewer, making a note with a stub of a lead pencil on a vest-pocket pad. "Married or single, what's your wife's name, got any children, if so how many, boys or girls or both, any twins, if so how many?"

The editor staggered a little, but answered.

"Good enough," and the interviewer made some more notes. "What political party do you belong to, what church if any, what clubs are you a member of, what secret societies, do you own a yacht, automobile, horse, or bicycle?"

"This time the editor backed away, but filled and came up with his answers.

"I wouldn't 'a' thought it," said the young man, making further notes. "Now, if you will kindly tell me how much salary you get, who is your tailor, do you live in a flat or a house, who is your barber, where do you get your drinks—when you pay for them yourself—what cigars do you smoke other than O P's, do you play golf, poker, tennis, tiddledewinks, are your teeth filled with gold or amalgam, got any ailments or fads, who is your favorite author, what is your favorite breakfast food, do you bet on the races, if so how often do you walk home, do you expect to become a millionaire, got any pull with trust magnates, do you wear a silk hat to church, ever been run down by a street car or an automobile, ever been arrested, do you believe in reform, if so who ought to get it, who's your choice for President, do you—"

For a moment it seemed to him, the editor was trying to stop the interviewer, but he was not successful until he had made a superhuman effort.

"For heaven's sake, man," he exclaimed at last, "hold up! What in thunder do you mean, anyhow?"

"What do I mean what?" replied the interviewer, gazing innocently and with surprise at the editor.

"Asking me all those questions?" gasped the editor, getting his wind once more.

"Why, my dear sir," explained the visitor in a hurt tone, "that isn't very many, is it? I am not half through with you yet. You don't suppose I can get the career of a lifetime in half a dozen questions, do you? Now, if you will just let me go on. Are you—"

The editor held up his hand warningly.

"Have you a permanent job with your Indiana newspaper?" he inquired.

"No, but I shall have when I have landed this series of interviews. They will be corks and no mistake."

"No doubt of that at all," smiled the editor. "How would you like to have a place on this paper?"

The young man's heart began to beat like a trip-hammer.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, airily. "I come pretty high, you know."

"How would twenty a week strike you, with a raise after sixty days if you prove your mettle?"

"You couldn't boost those figures to twenty-five, could you? It costs money to keep up with New York, you know," and he had never had more than nine dollars a week in his whole journalistic experience.

"I'll agree to make it twenty-five at the end of sixty days if you are the goods," said the editor.

"When do you want me to begin?"

"Right now."

The new reporter stood up.

"Thanks," he said. "May I go across the street and call a friend who is wait-



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ing for me there?"

"Just what I say. He said he'd drop dead if I got a job, and I'm going to tell him."

He disappeared, and when he came back smiling, the city editor was torn by conflicting doubts, but he put him to work and he got the "raise" at the end of sixty days.—W. J. Lampton in the "Cosmopolitan."

Women "Touts."

So prevalent has become the custom among women moving in London society of increasing their means for adding to their wardrobe by "touting" for trades people that the following advertisement was unobtrusively inserted in a London newspaper recently:

"A lady moving in good society is required at once, to wear and so make fashionable very beautiful, dainty article of jewelry: liberal remuneration. Strict secrecy."

It is well known that it is no uncommon thing for a delicate suggestion to be made at fashionable shops that in return for a tactful recommendation the firm would be only too delighted to supply dresses, hats or shoes, as the case may be, gratis, even paying a commission upon new orders obtained.

The automobile boom opened up a fresh field for women touts, and one female expert driver in the social world is known to have cleared some hundred pounds as a commission in a very short time.

But it would appear this system of female touting is done in London to an almost incredible extent, women acting as secret agents for wine merchants, soap manufacturers, and even as touts for money-lenders, while there are several so-called "men about town" whose only income is derived from commissions for one service or another.

Cupid at Church.

Cupid is everywhere, we know, and always busy, but it is not usually believed that he is partial to going to church. As a rule, his church-going duties are more honored in the breach

than in the observance, for he is fond of indulging in a quiet stroll in the open than of listening to prosy sermons in stuffy churches. He leaves us at church, it is true, for most love-making ends at the altar; but now we are told that we make his acquaintance in church, and that young men and maidens attend services in church and chapel in order to make love to one another pro bono publico. Such, at any rate, is what a certain North-country giddy avers: the amorous youths and giddy girls in his parish, indeed, having gone to such lengths in the pursuit of their "unseemly demonstrations" — whatever they may be—that suggestions have been invited from the rest of the congregations as to how the offenders may be dealt with.—English paper.

Beans Would be Cared For.

Even the efforts of the humorists do not seem to have impressed upon the world at large the important place which baked beans occupy in the typical Boston household. A true story which comes directly from the Hub City illustrates the sacredness in which the properly prepared bean is held there.

A Boston mamma received an unexpected summons one Saturday afternoon which involved her going down town for several hours. "Mamma must go at once," she said to her bright little boy of five years, "but who will take care of the beans in the oven?"

"I know," came the eager and confident reply. "God will!"

Saint John and New Brunswick, Illustrated.

"Saint John, New Brunswick," is the title of a booklet received from the Tourist Association of St. John, New Brunswick. Much valuable information for the tourist is contained in this booklet, as well as good maps and beautiful illustrations. Copies will be mailed free to any address on application to Mrs. R. E. Olive, secretary New Brunswick Tourist Association, St. John, N.B.



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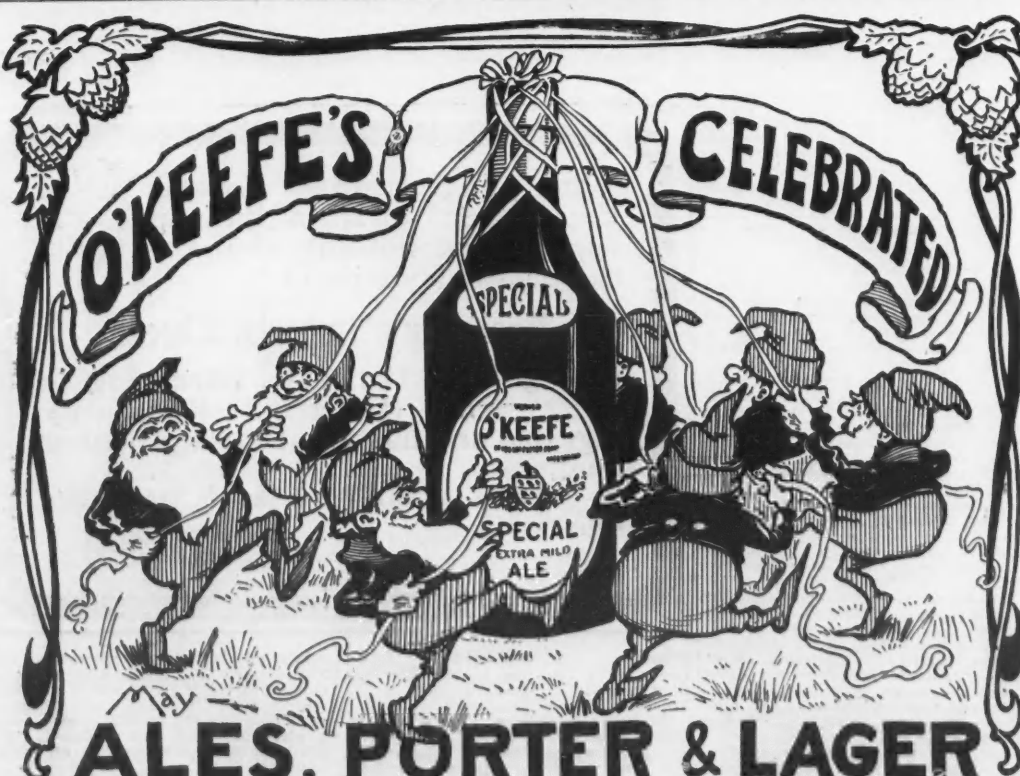
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THE millionaires' craze, automobile-bling, has been one of the mammoth selfish displays of the century in the republic to the south of us. There the many-millioned have raced and rioted in forbidden precincts, and the innocent babe, the worthy horse, and even the placid cow have suffered for one brief moment from that tired feeling before taking their eternal rest. Automobiles are capable of great variety, and upon their peculiar frame of mind no man can safely count. Why should a matronly-looking auto take to backing and buck-jumping like a broncho? The chauffeur will tell you that things slip and other things don't work, but we know better. The spirit of an auto to which finds itself in the hands of a stranger rises to the occasion. "I'll show him what he's up against," says she to herself, and when she gets nearly to the top of the long hill she faints. Then, when as a last resource the stranger drives her backwards into the ditch, she suddenly revives and goes into hysterics, sobbing and gasping, and starts. Being calmed down with much anxious coaxing and many surmises as to the first cause of the seizure, she condescends to start off once more, and pleasantly work, but a short run into the country was the height of her desire. Don't be deceived—she's as changeable as the little gilt rooster that swings and flutters on the top of the barn just beyond. Is there any particular reason why when she is skimming along like a swallow she should suddenly take to wallowing in and out of ruts like a drunken sailor? The chauffeur explains it by telling you the steering-wheel is too slack, but such is not the case. If so, why should that old lumbering auto, after shying at a cart and careering along the very brink of a deep ditch and taking every rut on the bias a dozen times until her wake in the dust looks like a pattern for a Vandyke frieze, swiftly return to the middle of the road and jog along as if she were half asleep and thinking of her to-morrow's dinner? She has a temper which, as a wondering Frenchman puts it, "beats ze dev," and can suit for an hour on the side of the road with a load of exasperated passengers too far from anywhere to do more than sit and await her better frame of mind. She can rip up a tire on nothing, and run out of gasoline just where no more can be begged, bought or stolen. And, finally, she can so wreck and ruin herself in the viciousness of her devilry that she has to be forsaken on the roadside at midnight while her passengers catch a lucky night-car home. Don't think I am overstating the case. One innocent-looking old mother auto did all these things and many more on the first run of the Automobile Club last Saturday. Talk about Santos-Dumont and his airship! One doesn't need to get off the earth to have one's fill of adventure and excitement.

By the way, have you made the acquaintance of the persistent, determined and sure-to-win Monsieur Santos-Dumont? If not, let us have a look at him together. He is a slight young man of about thirty, with a quiet, good-looking face, dark hair and eyes (he is a Brazilian), and a neat trim and picturesque way of wearing his clothes; his face looks quite fetching under a flopping Panama hat. Ever since he got his toy balloon little Alberto has been experimenting with mechanical contrivances for floating free of the earth. Seven years ago, as many of you will remember, he was his first flight (I think at Paris), and in 1901 he won the prize offered for a trip of seven miles made in half an hour. He had half a minute to spare. Monsieur Santos-Dumont has had all sorts of accidents and faced death in the pursuit of his "craze." I was going to say, but when such enterprises are successful one calls them a better name. He has attained a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and goes up every day now at Paris, just for fun. It is needless to say that Monsieur Santos-Dumont is wealthy, for building and sailing balloons costs money. There is nothing like the wondrous feeling that one has left the earth behind, the minglings of fear and exhilaration with which one sees it gradually receding, for that is what it appears to do, the ascent of the balloon being quite imperceptible. I went up one day in North Germany in a certain military balloon. It costs, but it is worth it; a unique experience that thrills and satisfies. What was that I was talking about in the other paragraph—a bad-tempered auto? Let me, let me! Why worry over the things of earth? Let us sit tight and wait for our air-ship.

(About this time those happy folk who are not standing to be pinched and jerked by a dressmaker, or crushed at a bargain counter, or pommelled at a water cure, are making gardens. There is a particularly disputable old hat that perennially appears from some secret winter lair, which adorns the head of the male or female garden-maker. It is surprising how many can make garden if one must. The flat roof of a certain little kitchen in this umbrageous city is covered with zinc and battlemented with the same, and when a load of good earth is laid upon a deep layer of sods there grows a glorious little flower garden just fifteen feet square! An invalid girl watches it from a French window and sprays the green things morn and night with a little hose, and many a pretty little bouquet finds a welcome in some hospital or other sick room from the little garden on the kitchen flat roof. I was reading just now that the mind of the porch rooster and stoop squatter has at last reached the comprehension of the vulgarity of spending hours on the edge of a public street. For some seasons we have had a faint fore word of this conclusion in the Japanese awnings and portieres and the striped curtains which householders have used to screen verandahs and stoops. But a little shut-in brick and board cubby hole is not now satisfying, and the above specimens of humanity are going back to the Old Country fashion of the walled garden in rear of the home. Awaunt, ye back yards and hideous sheds, and roll up, ye wire clothes-lines, and enter ye trim little rows of hardy annuals, phlox and mignonette and all the sweet dear brood of you, and instead of weather-beaten or glaring whitewashed fences the soft glow of the brick wall or the cool grey of the stone. As we have agreed not to spend any more money on front fences, let us put it into the solid English brick wall. Behind it we can have vines and ivies and trained fruit-trees, and in the middle of the grass plot a sundial or a tiny "jet d'eau," some little suggestive bit of Old World or nature-world. One could dine in the little summer-house, or, better still, take breakfast there. One could smoke and think and dream there. I am thinking of such a garden in the sub-

urbs of dear dirty Dublin. And just fancy the contrast to the pebbled gapping front door-steps, the middle class camaraderie of adjacent verandahs—the breath of nature and fragrance of flowers and herbs, instead of the arid dust of the asphalt and the stench of the flying auto. Once we made garden in twenty-five by seventeen feet of Mother Earth. The fences were covered with Virginia creeper, the soil fresh and green, the little bed of hardy flowers flourishing and the clothes-lines only out for two hours on Mondays. There was a hammock and much peace and comfort in the tiny sanctum.

LADY GAY.

One of Elbert Hubbard's Love-Affairs.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora and of "The Philistine" has lately been publishing the virtuous intellectual gifts of the New England teacher, Miss Alice L. Moore, whom he has taken into his head and heart to marry. The San Francisco "Argonaut" thus briefly deals with the picturesque features of the case:

"Elbert Hubbard, the author, lecturer, and editor of the 'Philistine,' is the head of the Roycroft colony at East Aurora, N.Y., a town of three thousand inhabitants. His wife, Mrs. Bertha Crawford Hubbard, recently secured an absolute divorce from him, and Miss Alice L. Moore was named co-respondent in the divorce action. To Mrs. Hubbard was granted heavy alimony. Miss Moore, who is declared by Hubbard to be his 'affinity,' and he became acquainted while members of the same literary societies at the time Miss Moore held the position of preceptress of the East Aurora High School, nearly a dozen years ago. When Miss Moore, a native of England, came to the United States, she made frequent visits to Miss Moore's home in Massachusetts, and it was in a suit for two thousand dollars brought against Elbert Hubbard for the support of Miss Moore's child that the facts came out, which furnished to Mrs. Bertha Crawford Hubbard evidence upon which she secured an absolute divorce, after naming Miss Moore co-respondent. Of the family of three sons and a daughter, the latter and one boy were turned over by the New York Supreme Court to the mother in Buffalo, while Elbert and the second son remain with their father. Life in the household is conspicuous for their long hair, slouch hats, leggings, and high-top boots."

Hall Caine's Likeness to Shakespeare.

Concerning the fancy of the great Maux novelist Mr. Hall Caine, who bore an extraordinary likeness to William Shakespeare, there have been many stories told, most of which are apocryphal. One of them in particular I know to be false. That is the tale that states that at a performance of "Hamlet" by Henry Irving, at the Lyceum Theatre, in London, someone in the audience, in a moment of enthusiasm called for the author, Mr. Caine, who happened to be present, got up and bowed his acknowledgments.

The real truth of that story is that when the ignorant pittance began his calls in the very middle of the famous "To be or not to be" soliloquy, Mr. Caine arose from his seat in the first gallery and leaning over the rail called upon one of the ushers to put the obstreperous person out. Nevertheless, the personal resemblance between the Bard of Avon and the sweet singer of Green Castle is most pronounced, and the familiarity of Mr. Caine with the fact is only natural. He could not escape the conviction that he is almost a replica of Shakespeare even if he wished to do so, and in his heart there is evidence that the precise fact dawned upon his consciousness.

"This I know to be the fact, for I was myself lingering in the graveyard Church when the infant Caine, in the arms of his nurse, made his first pilgrimage to the shrine of Shakespeare. Standing before the bust of the immortal playwright, the nurse directed the baby's attention to it, thinking that the more or less primary coloring of the object would prove pleasing to his mind. Nor was she disappointed, for the child immediately began clapping his hands together in the greatest glee. 'Me! Me!' he cried.

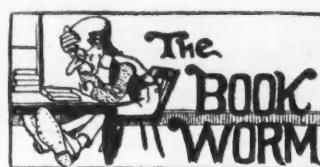
The inference is obvious.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

The First Umbrellas.

Those who suppose that the umbrella is a modern contrivance will be surprised to learn that umbrellas may be found sculptured on some of the Egyptian monuments and on the Nineveh ruins. That umbrellas bearing a close resemblance to those of to-day were in use long before the Christian era is shown by their representation in the designs on ancient Greek vases. The umbrella made its first appearance in London about the middle of the eighteenth century, when one Jonas Hanway, it is said, thus protected himself from the weather at the cost of much ridicule.

Patron—Have you "Gory Ike's Last Hold-Up?"
Clerk—No; but we have something just as good.
Patron—I want something just as bad.



Where are the books of yester year—The big successes, piled so high In dry goods windows, tier on tier, Reviewers lauded to the sky? Can authors' beams collapse and die Like all the sun doth shine upon? Do advertisements ever lie? Those masterpieces all are gone!—The "Critic."

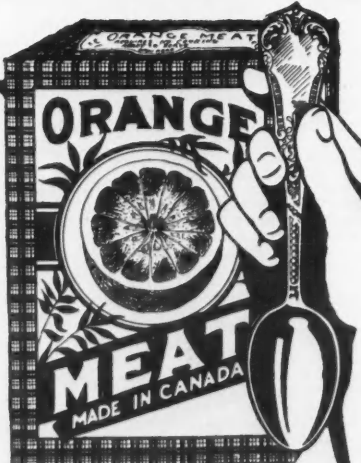
"Curling in Canada and the United States," by Rev. John Kerr, is a record of the tour of the Scottish team, 1902-3, and of the game in the Dominion and the Republic, which cannot fail to interest curlers everywhere. The book is handsomely bound and illustrated, the opening pages presenting fine photographs of his Excellency Lord Minto and the Countess of Minto. The account of the visit to Toronto is of particular local interest and is entertainingly described. Altogether, the volume is a credit to the sporting qualities and literary taste of the reverend author. (The Toronto News Company, Limited.)

Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Ontario, is a politician whose interests are much wider than party or department, in evidence of which he has written several studies in Canadian history that are both interesting and valuable. His latest work, "The Second Legislature of Upper Canada (1796-1800)," published by the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, gives a clear and accurate account of how the gathering of early legislators took place in York in 1796. Most interesting, perhaps, of these members to Toronto readers is "Christopher Robinson, serving as the knight of the shire for the County of Addington," who, through the Robinson family of Virginia, traced back to a family in Yorkshire, England. Mr. James has been conscientious in his research, and the notes written on each member and his descendants represent a work of historical delving into old records. (Copp, Clark Company, Toronto.)

The author of "Introduction to Tolstoy," Mr. Leopold T. Ennis, announces as his object the quickening of the analytical and comparative faculties of the student of Dante, so as to enable him to arrive at the truth synthesis of the Divine Comedy. Those who expect a dull, text-book order of writing will be agreeably surprised by the vigor and freshness shown in every one of the thirty-four chapters, each of which has its own title of brevity. The descent to the third circle is the most graphic feature of the "introduction," although the closing paragraphs are at variance with the modern spirit, which, indeed, is a far cry from the spirit of the great Florentine. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)

"King Assarahad," by Count Leo Tolstoy, is a collection of three short stories, each of which is intended to enforce a great principle. The first is the story of how the cruel and selfish King Assarahad, by some magic process, was changed into the enemy whom he was oppressing, in order that he might see how he liked it. But, when the author makes King Assarahad into a donkey in order that the haughty monarch may realize the sufferings of the poor dumb brutes, the grotesque has been reached, and the unregenerate reader is tempted to smile rather than weep. The story is eternally painting a scene of gloom and then calling upon us to love one another. If he would put a little sunshine on the canvas we should feel infinitely obliged to the man whose strength is often obscured by his extravagance. (London: The Free Press.)

"Marriage and the Kingdom of Womanhood," by L. G. Cawsey, is a pamphlet that treats from an idealistic standpoint such matters as "fashion," "the kingdom of womanhood," and the following sentence might be quoted: "Rising out of those distant aeons of time impossible of computation by human methods, the kingdom of womanhood dates co-evally with all loveliness and truth, which never had beginning, and which shall never end." Far otherwise is the author's estimate of man, of that creature he said of man, as of woman, that in marriage he has compromised with his ideals, for in that matter he has none. Even more significant in this age when so much rubbish is talked by President Roosevelt and others on the glory and magnificence of the large family is the declaration—"Nature everywhere repudiates the assumption that the most important duty of mankind is the reproduction of the species." This little book is entirely beyond the practical, and altogether too laudatory of woman, who has her own share of faults and vices. But, while its teaching and doctrine are excellent, they are somewhat over the heads and beyond the understanding of the multitude. The world would be almost Paradise



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126. Black, lace throughout, assorted designs in great variety, special, 3 pairs for 1.00	137. White lisle with black spots, 3 pairs for 1.00	148. Plain black, lace ankles and embroidered black, per pair 0.65
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If everyone practised the author's beliefs we are very far from the gates of Eden. (Toronto: The Museum Book Company, Limited.)

"The Merchant of Venice" in the first folio edition is admirably edited with notes, introduction, glossary, list of variorum readings, and selected criticism by Charles and George Girdlestone. The text has a quaint and immediate interest, such as no other can afford, and the editors have done their duty faithfully to the last selected criticism. The introduction is intelligently written that one is almost deluded into the belief that there is something new to be said about Shylock and Portia. The concluding question is suggested by Mr. Shakespeare's attitude that he had opened the gates of heaven too wide since he gave the last speech to the material-minded Gratiano?—reminding us that there were still immortal souls incapable of catching even an overture of the immortal music. (New York: Thomas L. Crowell & Co.) J.G.

Other books received are: "Millennial Dawn," Vol. VI. (Allegheny, Pa., Bible and Tract Society). "The Watcher on the Tower," by A. G. Hales. (London: T. Fisher Unwin). "Tussock Land," by Arthur H. Adams. (T. Fisher Unwin). "The Prince of Lismore," by Grace Rhys. (London: Methuen's Colonial Library). "A Dangerous Quest," by F. E. Young. (London: John Long). "A Criminal Croesus," by George Griffith. (London: John Long). "The Triumph of Mrs. St. George," by Percy White. (London: John Long). "The Woman With the Fan," by Robert Fichens. (London: Methuen's Colonial Library).

"Strong Mac," by S. R. Crockett, is a love story, beginning with the school days of the hero and heroine, with the path of this love made very rough by two rivals, a drunken father and a stubborn, clear-headed heroine. It is a Scotch tale filled with quaint touches of Scotch life. It is perhaps not as strong as some of Crockett's other stories, but it is a simple story gracefully told, bearing a marked difference to the average romantic novel in the nature of its incidents. At some points it is harrowing, but not melodramatic, and the characters impress one as being eminently real. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.) J. Z. S.

A Wall Street Trick.

A Wall street manipulator of stocks had lost heavily in a certain deal. To add to his chagrin, all the younger men on the street who had reaped dollars at his expense winced their elation in his very face. Whereupon the great manipulator planned a merciless vendetta. One afternoon he rushed into a broker's office in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel where many of the younger speculators were gathered. Altogether he created an impression of having something of grave import on hand, playing his part like a born actor. He did pause long enough, however, to take a card from his pocket, glance at it as if consulting a memorandum, replace it; then strode out of the room. During this pantomime a bit of paper fluttered to the floor.

The moment the big man was out of sight the paper was read: "Buy me all the Blank Common you can get at any price below par." Here was a tip worth a fortune. Blank evidently was about to soar skyward. They would have still another laugh at the big man's expense. So they formed a pool, and next day bought thousands of shares of Blank Common. At it as if consulting a memorandum, replace it; then strode out of the room. During this pantomime a bit of paper fluttered to the floor.

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points. Not till then did the young losers learn that the broker of whom they bought the stock represented the big man. Meantime, by his card trick, the big man's coffers were filled with a sum which more than counterbalanced his loss when the laugh was on him. Then,

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At the Graphic Arts Club.

OWN in Melinda street, just north of the "fire district," the members of the Graphic Arts Club are holding their spring exhibition in two bright rooms, up a narrow flight of stairs, at the head of which you are confronted by a curtain, adorned with Chianti flasks and other artistic devices. The club is young and flourishing, representing a union of the Art Students' League and the Maltstick Club, and containing members who are old in art and those who are just beginning to "splash at a ten-league canvas." One cheering feature to the patriotic heart is the riotous "Canadianism" of the pictures, for it is high time that our own lands and lakes were being interpreted for us in book and on canvas. Mr. Wallace Morgan's "Lake Lyrics" comes nearer to poetic appreciation than anything else that has been written, and now our artists are waking up to the fact that Brittany, Holland and Norway are not the only countries of artistic opportunities.

The three pictures by Mr. D. F. Thomson have a strength and daring that are a welcome element in these days of Gibson and Christy imitations. The coloring in "A Beaver Dam, Algonquin Park," is marvelous in its depth and coolness of effect, while "Lake Opeongo" is the northern country itself—the country of cold gray, steel blue and glints of stormy gold. You must know the country north of Georgian Bay and the sternness of New Ontario to feel at home with "Lake Opeongo" or Mr. A. H. Robson's "Lake Temiskaming," although the latter's work is more finely done in a bit of black-and-white, "Stone Fireplace, Fort Temiskaming," whose old tumbled stones set one a-wondering what the mission looked like in its early days. Mr. C. M. Manly has some restful studies of hills and valleys, of which "The Last Gleam" is most suggestive. A New Yorker, Mr. Wallace Morgan, has a market scene, "Fort de France, Martinique," brilliant with the relentless light of the tropics. You can almost "feel" the blue of the gowns and the scarlet splash of the turban. Mr. C. W. Jefferys has some of his exquisite work in black-and-white, chiefly scenes along the Richelieu. The architectural detail is brought out with startling vividness and delicacy in "St. Denis" and "St. Antoine," while the "Sunset After Rain" is a striking bit of cloud-and-light conflict. "The Duel" introduces the humorous element, especially in the figure of one burly bystander, who seems to enjoy the scrap with all his eyes. The figures are clearly wrought and distinctive, with a vigor and action that delight those who are in search of the "human" interest. Old mills and meadows are all very well, but there's nothing like a scrap. "Young Maples in Autumn" has a fidelity and breeziness that should make Mr. Muir rejoice and break forth in another national song. Usually flower pictures are trivial and desolate, showing of parlor tricks and pretty china. But Mr. R. Holmes has six studies that are a feast and a satisfaction. "The Cardinal Flower" is a brilliant bit, the "Tiger Lily" is a dainty conception, but "Milkweed" is a picture to cover the very thicket of art. Mr. Arthur C. Goode's "In Chinatown" is enough to give one bad dreams, his "Cedar and Maple" is a wile piece of coloring and "Kleinburg" is a Canadian "Tarrytown," full of restfulness. Mr. W. T. Beatty has a "Sand and Sky" study that is unusual and realistic, although the lover of action may contemplate it with a certain skepticism. Mr. F. H. Bridger's work is rich and tender in color, especially "Fire Weeds" and "Poplars." It is utterly Canadian, and gives our woodlands an artistic habitation and a name. Mr. J. D. Kelly's "The Track of the Destroyer" is a war depiction of our great disaster with excellent effect of flame and smoke, while his "Thirst" is about as painful and Ancient Marinerish as anything Coleridge could conjure up. Mr. W. W. Alexander has a romantic "Along Shore, Quebec," and some striking book plates. Mr. Owen P. Staples has a "Conestoga" that is a charming study of pastoral German-Canada, while his "Village Herdsman" is the apotheosis of stupidity, the herdsman being the dullest creature who ever afforded the wandering artist an excellent opportunity to "kill life." The blues and yellows are cool and comforting, while the cows are "just as if they grew there," as one feminine critic remarked. The "Sketch in Old Quebec" is an interesting glimpse of that old town which is yet the capital of Canada for all the artists and the dreamers. Quebec has never been captured except by those who have transferred her charms to canvas or to verse. Other artists represented in the exhibition are Walter R. Duff, Jay Hambidge, J. E. Laughlin, Neil McKechnie and Thomas McLean. They are bright and friendly quarters where the club greets its visitors, with Mr. C. W. Jefferys as attentive host. Above the fireplace in the first room is the motto from "The Deserted Village": "Here the pale artist plies his sickly trade." They are a rather ruddy and hearty community, however, these workers at the Graphic Arts, and—here's luck to the club!

A Picturesque Name for Suicide.

Suicide of lovers in Japan is called heart-death, passion-death, or love-death.

When a youth and maiden would die together, being forbidden marriage by stern parents, they bind themselves fast together, face to face, with the girl's long crepe, silk girdle, and leap into some deep lake.

Another way of committing "heart-death" is for the lovers to make a little banquet for themselves, write letters to their parents and mix something bitter with their rice-wine, and go to sleep forever.

The sacred forest of Yagaki is a favorite retreat for youths and maidens, where love omens abound. The enamored cavalier writes the name of his sweetheart upon the polished bark of the bamboo growing in the forest, but he never writes his own name with it. He simply mentions his existence and his age only, as in this touching instance:

"That I may be wedded to Takaki-Toki, I humbly pray. A youth of eighteen."

It argues well for the youth's love affairs if he can bend two branches of the camellia bush together, and keep them united by tying a strip of white paper about them, all with the fingers of one hand.

Next Week at Shea's.

The distinguished actor, Mr. Robert Hilliard, and his company of players will present "No. 973" at Shea's Theatre next week. This is a new one-act play by Edwin Holland and Mr. Hilliard, and is said to be even better than Mr. Hilliard's former vaudeville sketch, "The Little Girl." Mr. Hilliard appears as the convict, No. 973. He is supported by Mr. Edwin Holland, June Pelton, Fred Maxwell and

The Independent Order of Foresters.

Since the return of the Supreme Chief Ranger from abroad the I.O.F. have held several great functions which indicate how rapidly this institution is growing and show what a strong hold it has upon the insuring public. The reception in Toronto to the Supreme Chief Ranger was a wonderful event, Massey Hall being jammed. The Prime Minister occupied the chair and the chief was greeted with a class of considerably over 1,000 new members, to whom he administered the obligation. It was felt that this was probably the highwater mark of Joint Initiations which would be reached for some time, but the number initiated in Toronto was reached and surpassed by Belleville and district where a great gathering was held on the 5th of May, at which the new members initiated totalled 1,063. In Belleville the chief business and professional men of the city were members of the committee which arranged for the event. The Supreme Chief Ranger was tendered a welcome from the Mayor and Council as well as by the members of this great order.

In Montreal upon the 26th of April Hon. Dr. Oronhyatekha addressed over 5,000 people in Sohmer Park, and initiated a class of 626. These gatherings with their immense classes tell a story in themselves, and the end is not here. Quebec City expects to greet the head of the Order in a few weeks with over 1,100 new members. At this point Dr. Oronhyatekha will be banqueting. He will also in the course of the next week or so attend great functions at Dayton and Cincinnati, Ohio. The popularity of the great leader of this Society seems to be growing each day, and the hold which the Society itself has upon the public seems to be ever strengthening. We notice that the accumulated funds of the Society now amount to not very far from \$8,000,000.00. One is almost staggered when he looks back to a period of twenty-three years ago and sees the Treasury of the Order with only \$3.88 in it.

Frank Drake. Something that has never been seen in Toronto before will be offered by Rawson and June. They are boomerang throwers, and are the only people presenting this novelty, which they have perfected after eleven years of hard practice. Mr. Rawson takes a boomerang, throws it over the heads of the audience, and it returns to the stage, striking a target held by Miss June, who is standing behind him. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry will appear in a comedy sketch, entitled "Skin Game." The Schuyler Sisters, John D. Gilbert, "Comedian at Large," the Parros Brothers, equilibrist, and Martini and Max Millan, eccentrics, together with the kinetograph, will complete a splendid bill.

The Viavi Convention.

The Toronto Viavi Company, whose offices are in the Confederation Life Building, held their annual convention of managers, travelers, lecturers and representatives on May 4 to 7, inclusive. Over fifty of the leaders in the business gathered from different parts of Ontario and the Dominion and discussed many valuable methods in connection with it, giving special attention to the educational part of the work.

It was shown that the business has increased during the past year in every direction, the increase for Ontario alone being over 300 per cent. over the previous year. Reports from England, the United States and other countries show that a similar increase has been made everywhere in the world.

Greetings and messages came from the San Francisco, the home office, and many other places. The convention was an inspiration to all present, for each one realized that she was engaged not simply in a successful business, but in a movement that is revolutionizing the whole world, because it reaches particularly the one who has the greatest influence in making or marring the nations, viz., the wife, mother or daughter, and is also bringing to the sterner sex more vigor and strength, and a greater conception of the laws of nature.

On Thursday evening all attending the convention were entertained in the spacious and handsomely fitted offices and parlors of the Viavi Company, being welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. McGaw, and an excellent programme of music and song was presented to them. Light refreshments brought a profitable and enjoyable evening to a close.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have done you a great injustice." "In what way?" "I suspected you without reason. I asked several of your friends that you go out with of evenings whether you knew how to play poker, and every one of them



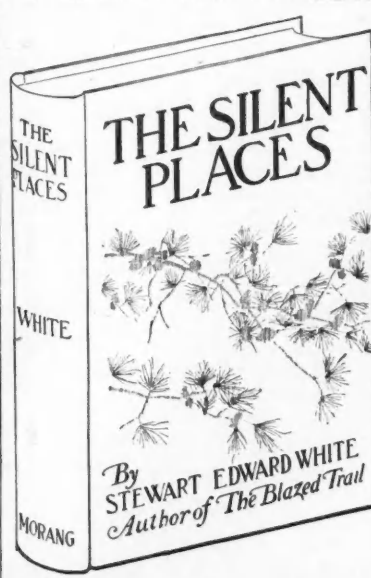
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It is a powerful and fascinating story. The fiction of it is delightful, and its descriptions of nature are impressive, while the art of it is not to be denied.—New York "Sun."

There is vigorous life in every page of the book, and it is fascinating in its intensity.—Pittsburg "Times."

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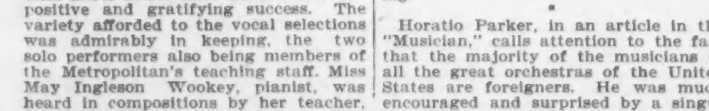
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